

January 25<sup>¢</sup>

# The Sign

National Catholic Magazine



**Year of Grace**  
by Barrett McGurn

★

**Showdown in 1950**  
by Wilfrid Parsons

# Next Month Is CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

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THE SIGN • Exhibit Dept. • UNION CITY, N. J.

## "SEE WHAT The Sign SAYS!"



About special friends who promoted THE SIGN in Catholic Press Month '49 at such places as:

### WEST POINT, NEW YORK

His modesty precludes mentioning his name. But thanks to the leadership of this former cadet at the U.S.M.A., 400 subscriptions were entered by Catholic men of the Corps.

With the permission of the Chaplain, Rev. Joseph P. Moore, the cadet and his friends set up a press display in the chapel, distributed samples to the men.

### NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A salute to the South, too! More particularly to the CYO of the Diocese of Nashville, its director, Father J. E. Eiselein, William M. Flaherty, executive secretary and Miss Elynor Rooney, chairman of the campaign.

For the third consecutive year this group, campaigning in parishes throughout the diocese, held high its leadership—surpassed only by West Point in '49.

### GARY, INDIANA

And a special salute to the Midwest! To the Knights of Columbus, St. Thomas Council, No. 1347 of Gary for a positive campaign for decent literature.

Under the leadership of Mr. Stanley F. Jonusas, Catholic Activities Chairman, the sisters and school children participated in one of the best of the Catholic Press Month drives!

### LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Leave it to Louisville for originality! That photo above shows you Miss Catherine Nichols in her costume as "Miss Sign for '49". Let's go for 1950.

THE SIGN • Promotion Dept.

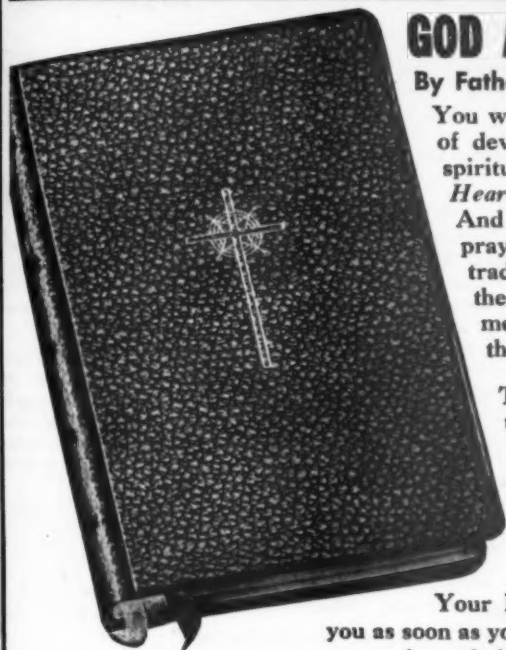


SIGN BUILDING, UNION CITY, N. J.

*All the selections of the Catholic Literary Foundation are an inspiration to me and my entire family!*

That's what thousands of Catholics are saying about this truly Catholic book club which is now offering new members

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## GOD AND MY HEART

By Fathers Ryan and Collins

You will find in this *modern* prayer book a never-ending source of devotional aid to encourage you to live a more profoundly spiritual life. Unique in character and appeal, *God and My Heart* is marked throughout by simplicity and clarity of style. And the content is so comprehensive you will require no other prayer book to meet *all* your devotional needs! Besides the traditional and familiar prayers, it includes the prayers for the dying, the administration of all the sacraments, notes on meditation, unusual devotions to Our Lord, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints.

The physical make-up of *God and My Heart* has won the enthusiastic approval of all who have seen it. You too will be impressed with its size, its paper, the arrangement of the prayers, but particularly with the type face used throughout—this type was especially selected for its legibility so that you will have *no eyestrain even in a dimly lighted church!*

Your **FREE** copy of *God and My Heart* will be forwarded to you as soon as you return the coupon below indicating your desire to become a member of that *Catholic book club, the Catholic Literary Foundation.*

**Join this truly Catholic book club and be assured of books always acceptable!**

Don't expose your family to the dangers of even doubtful literature . . . join an *exclusively* Catholic club which consistently offers you the finest Catholic books on the market! *Foundation* books make a positive contribution to your growth as a Catholic by presenting some phase of Catholicism in the most interesting possible way. The selections range from fiction to biography, popular psychology, and spiritual reading.

### NO MEMBERSHIP DUES

There is no membership fee. You pay for each book as you receive it—the regular publisher's price plus 15 cents for postage and handling. All selections are moderately priced, some costing you as little as \$1.50. Every month, you receive the *Forecast* which tells about the next selection and gives you information about other

books which you may prefer to the current selection.

### FREE BOOK DIVIDENDS

Another popular feature about the *Catholic Literary Foundation* is the *free* book dividend you receive every time you purchase five books. In this way, at *no expense* to you, you can build up a library of Catholic books which have *permanent* value to you and your family.

### THE BEST FROM ALL PUBLISHERS

The *Foundation* book selection committee chooses from the lists of all publishers in order to bring you each month the *best* Catholic book currently being published. It is not only your *free* book when you become a member, but it is each selection and your dividends which you can accept without hesitation because

you know *Foundation* books are never an insult to your Catholic ideals.

**The Catholic Literary Foundation**  
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

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☐ Occupation..... under 21 .....



# How to Speak and Write MASTERLY ENGLISH

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 100,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

THOUSANDS of persons also little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising how many experienced stenographers fail in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me," and use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.



Sherwin Cody

## A Remarkable Invention

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for many years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong. For years Mr. Cody has studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. As a result of his experience he evolved his wonderful new

## Self-Correcting Method

A patent was granted to Mr. Cody on his unique device, and now he places it at your disposal. This invention is simple, fascinating, time-saving, and incomparably efficient. You do the lesson given on any page, then you see exactly how Mr. Cody himself would correct it. You mark your errors and check them in the first blank column. Next week you try that page again, on the second unmarked sheet, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have learned and what you have failed to remember, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and expression.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in five minutes more. You waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit of making, and, through constantly being shown the right way, you soon acquire the correct habit in place of the incorrect habit. There are no rules to memorize. There is no tedious copying. There is no heart-breaking drudgery.

## FREE—Book on English

A new booklet explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you can not instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free booklet, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. No agent will call. SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH, 991 B & D Building, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day." No agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ If 18 years or under, check here for Booklet A

# LETTERS



## "People"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for publishing Lucile Hasley's photograph ("People" in November issue). It is a pleasant surprise to find that the lady in question is so very pretty. The artist who draws the sketches for Mrs. Hasley's articles should take notice, as they always represent her as being much less attractive than she really is.

ONE OF MRS. HASLEY'S FANS  
Somerville, Mass.

## Wisconsin This Time

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I should like to add my two cents worth to the discussion regarding beer.

Six miles north of here is a town named after Solomon Juneau's daughter, Theresa. They manufacture a beer that sports the nose-at-the-thumb slogan, "The beer that made Milwaukee jealous."

So there!

I wouldn't miss THE SIGN. It is a fearless magazine, and God knows, we need a fearless Catholic monthly! My prayers for its continued success.

F. K.

Allentown, Wisc.

## "Thought Control"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

God bless THE SIGN, its editors, and John O'Connor for his scholarly article on "Thought Control—American Plan" in the November issue. Hope that we will get more able articles on this subject of psychiatry.

I have been a reader of THE SIGN for over twenty years, and I can assure you that I would prefer to miss a couple of meals than to miss one issue of this magazine.

REV. BARTHOLOMEW O'BRIEN  
Amarillo, Tex

## Disapproval

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Why must your Editor exploit such Fair Deal politicians as Attorney General McGrath and Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin? He is not fooling us. We know what these politicians stand for.

If these write-ups occurred in the daily papers we would tolerate it, but to have these men who stand for the Fair Deal and uphold the principles of the Truman

Administration exploited in one of our Catholic monthlies is just too much to swallow.

ALICE R. MERRICK

Egypt, Mass.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Any attempts to parade Senator McMahon, Attorney General McGrath, et al, as leaders to be admired are much lacking in taste. Why do you abet their cause? Your editorial tolerance is awry too much of late. No wonder someone like Truman goes so unchallenged.

J. D. VOLSKY

Baltimore, Md.

## A "Sign" Scoop

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the October issue of *Reader's Digest*, I read an original article on China by General Chennault. It seemed strangely familiar. Then I realized that I had read a similar article in THE SIGN months before that was based on an interview with the General.

Congratulations on your timely articles!

MRS. M. A. GOHEGAN

Silver Spring, Md.

## "Red Footlights"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May we congratulate you upon your articles, "Red Fronts in Radio" in the October issue and "Red Footlights" in the November issue.

We have expressed disapproval of Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in *Christopher Columbus* and have sent letters on same to Henry Ford II, the Association of National Advertisers, and the manager of the Victoria Theater. We have likewise protested the appearance of Marsha Hunt over *Studio One*, on CBS-TV, and have written to the president of Westinghouse Electric Corp. and the McCann Erickson advertisers of same.

As chairman of the Catholic Activity Committee in St. Joseph Council, I am organizing a committee to keep a vigilant watch, to check on Communism in radio, screen, and television, and to combat it in whatever way we can.

JOHN O. TOERNER

St. Joseph Council, No. 443  
Knights of Columbus  
New York, N. Y.

(Continued on Page 4)

THE SIGN



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### MOTHER SETON

By Charles I. White

Today Mother Seton's Sisters of Charity operate nearly a thousand schools, orphanages and hospitals. The story of this achievement is the dramatic story of one woman—a wonderful woman who overcame every adversity to found one of the greatest religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church. "Mother Seton" is a book you will read and cherish always. Publisher's edition, \$2.50.

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Father Flanagan founded his Boys Home 32 years ago in Omaha; today Boys Town is an incorporated village where over a thousand boys live, work and learn. Here is the true story of the man who built Boys Town, warmly and beautifully told... a superb book you will read and reread. Publisher's edition, \$3.00.

### THE WHITE SAIL

By Sara Ware Bassett

Beautiful Lorna Newcomb and Scott Mendell both sought escape in the peaceful Cape Cod town of Belleport... he from his terrifying memories of the great war, she from a strange tragedy in her past. What happened when they met makes a delightful love story—with a dash of mystery—that awoke the sleepy town with a bang! Publisher's edition, \$2.50.

### AMERICA COOKS

By the Browns

Contains over 1600 recipes—the finest of each of the 48 states... from old-fashioned favorites to up-to-the-minute taste sensations! Clear directions make it impossible to go wrong. No kitchen is complete without this great cook book. Publisher's edition, \$2.49.

## BOOKS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY AT BIG SAVINGS

EACH MONTH publishers are invited to submit books they believe will meet the Family Reading Club standards. Our Board of Editors then selects the book it can recommend most enthusiastically to members. These are the books which *every member of your family can read*—books to be read with pleasure, remembered and discussed with delight, and retained in your home library with pride. For instance, among recent books which members obtained through the Family Reading Club are such fine books as "Mademoiselle Lavalliere" and "Richest of the Poor"—and such outstanding *fiction* best-sellers as Elizabeth Goudge's "Pilgrim's Inn" and Frances Parkinson Keyes' "Came A Cavalier."

### What Membership Means to You

There is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club beyond the cost of the books themselves. You pay only \$1.89 each (plus postage and handling charge) for the books you purchase after reading the book review which will come to your home each month. It is *not* necessary to purchase a book every month—only four each year to retain your membership. All selections are new,

complete, well-printed and well-bound; each will be a real addition to your library. And your books will be delivered to your door by the postman—ready to read!

### Free "Bonus" Books

The Family Reading Club distributes a "Bonus" Book free for each four Club selections you take. These books will meet the high Club standards of excellence, interest, superior writing and wholesome subject matter—and you can build up a fine home library this way at no extra expense. The purchase of books from the Club for only \$1.89 each—instead of the publishers' regular retail prices of \$2.50 to \$4.00—saves you 25% to 35% of your book dollars. And when the value of the Bonus Books is figured in, you actually save as much as 50%!

### Join Now—Send No Money

If you believe in a book club which will appeal to the finest instincts of every member of your family, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club by sending you *your choice* of any TWO of the books shown above as your free Membership Gift Book and first free Bonus Book. Just mail the coupon. However, as this unusual offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to mail the coupon NOW!

### MAIL COUPON NOW!

## TWO BOOKS FREE

WITH MEMBERSHIP

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MINEOLA, NEW YORK

Please enroll me in the Family Reading Club and send me the *two books* I have checked below as my Membership Gift Book and first Free Bonus Book:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> The Greatest Story Ever Told | <input type="checkbox"/> Father Flanagan of Boys Town |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stories of the Great Operas  | <input type="checkbox"/> The White Sail               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother Seton                 | <input type="checkbox"/> America Cooks                |

Each month you will send me a review of the Club's forthcoming selection—which I may accept or reject as I choose. There are no membership dues or fees—only the requirement that I accept a minimum of four Club selections during the coming twelve months at only \$1.89 each, plus postage and handling.

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**FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, NEW YORK**

January, 1950

## January 1st Checklist— BOOKS & BOOKLETS from THE SIGN



### The Holy BIBLE New, Catholic Edition

1460 PAGES  
Size: 5 1/2" x 8"

- No. 01 Black Sim. Leath. Seal Grn. \$ 4.80  
No. 02B (Shown) Bl. Sim. Leath. 7.50  
No. 43D Bl. Gen. Leather. Illus. 10.00  
No. 50 Deluxe Ed. Color Illus. 12.00

### UNDER HIS SHADOW By Father Francis Shea, C.P.

Vividly Written Chapters on the Passion of  
Our Lord. 242 Pages.  
No. S/101 Maroon Cloth Binding \$ 1.00

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### St. Jude Thaddeus (NOVENA)

A booklet of prayers to the saint known as  
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the amazing life story  
of the Passionist who  
received him into the  
Church. An inspiring,  
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Union City, N. J.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The enlightening and excellently written  
article, "Red Footlights," by George A.  
McGuire, appearing in the November  
issue, I should like to see published in  
every newspaper in our country, broaden-  
ing statistics so that every person who  
lends his support, or only his name, to the  
furtherance of Red infiltration in the  
theater be listed alongside the name of  
the theatrical project or play he is con-  
nected with; also that each hidden "mes-  
sage" in such plays be brought to light.

MRS. ALBERT A. CORMIER

New York, N. Y.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"Red Footlights," by George A. Mc-  
Guire, was a very interesting exposé of  
Communists burrowing into the theatrical  
world. It is pitiful that many actors and  
actresses fall prey to Communist flattery  
for the sake of publicity and dance to the  
tune of "The Russian Bear Polka."

EMMA LOLA CADLE

Detroit, Mich.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read over several times the article,  
"Red Footlights," by George A. McGuire.  
It seems an awful shame that so many  
of our movie stars are turning to the left.  
More articles on this subject should be  
published. I honestly believe we can crack  
Communist activity in Hollywood. Ex-  
posure of all pro-Communist stars and  
pictures and highly anti-Communist stars  
should be a part of our active program.  
Tell me, however, why hasn't this subject  
had a wider, national publicity?

JOHN L. ZAZZERA

Newton, Mass.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the November issue of your magazine  
there is an article entitled "Red Footlights"  
which, to say the least, horrified me. I was  
greatly shocked to see under the list of  
Communist sympathizers such names as  
Gene Kelly (whom I presumed to be Cath-  
olic), Eddie Cantor, and Judy Garland, as  
well as many others who have been my  
favorites on the radio and in the movies.

JOSEPHINE HUSS

St. Paul, Minn.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Much of what George A. McGuire  
wrote in "Red Footlights" may be true,  
but the article sounds more like a "red  
herring" witch hunt.

To boldly state that *Death of a Sales-  
man* is a leftist epic is to say that anyone  
or anything critical of industrial capital-  
ism is a leftist (whom Mr. McGuire also  
identifies as a Communist). He would  
say *Quadragesimo Anno* was leftist, if  
he didn't know the author.

*Death of a Salesman* merely brings out  
into the open some facts about the effects  
of industrial capitalism which we don't  
care to face.

TOM STOESSER

Chicago, Ill.

## "A Day in the Life of a Priest"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"A Day in the Life of a Priest," by Jim  
Bishop, in the November issue, contains  
the following:

"Father . . . has been at his work four-  
teen hours, a situation no good union man  
would tolerate. . . ."

As a Catholic, and a union man, I con-  
sider this pointed comparison between a  
union man and a priest as being point-  
less, untruthful, in bad taste, and a dis-  
service, not only to labor, but to the clergy  
who are labor's best friends.

CHARLES T. BALGER

Hudson County Industrial  
Union Council CIO  
Jersey City, N. J.

## "You be the Judge"

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In reading the excellent October issue,  
I was particularly interested in that in-  
formative and thought-provoking article  
by Mary O'Connor, "You Be the Judge."

The use and abuse of book clubs, nota-  
bly the Book-of-the-Month Club, was the  
subject of a group discussion at our An-  
nual Meeting of the Canadian Authors'  
Association at Ottawa, in which prom-  
inent authors took part.

As a Catholic I tried to express, rather  
feebly I fear, what Mary O'Connor has so  
trenchantly outlined. May we be favored  
with more from her facile pen.

(MISS) LOTTIE O'BOYLE

Ottawa, Canada

## Appreciation

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN enjoys a unique position in  
our home in that the whole family reads  
it from cover to cover. After reading it I  
have been giving it to my daughter-in-law  
(my eldest son's wife) who is not a  
Catholic. Last Sunday she commenced in-  
struction to embrace the Faith.

I do not profess to be a literary critic,  
but I think THE SIGN, month after month,  
is as sound, wholesome, and informative  
reading as could come into a Christian  
home.

T. CANFIELD JENKINS

Indian Head, Md.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many thanks for your kindness in send-  
ing me very useful literature and especial-  
ly THE SIGN, which has been deeply ap-  
preciated by those into whose hand it has  
come. It is a splendid effort of the Pas-  
sionist Fathers to show to the world the  
Catholic attitude on news, politics, stage,  
screen, etc.

I happened to pass a few copies of THE  
SIGN to a lad who was affected by a very  
painful illness and could not walk. He  
nearly gave up all hope of being able to  
recover and was in a desperate state of  
mind and soul. After reading certain ar-  
ticles explaining the sufferings of Jesus,  
he became so impressed that he asked me  
to hear his confession. From that moment  
a great change occurred. The next morn-

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# The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JANUARY 1950

VOL. 29 No. 6



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## EDITOR'S PAGE

### Defense of the West

**R**ECENT discussions of the advisability of re-arming Western Germany have given the American public some idea of the frightful disparity between the military power of the Western nations and of Soviet Russia. The danger of this situation rests in the fact that all evidence at hand indicates that the Reds will attack when they feel that they can do so with a good chance of success. In fact, some competent observers think that they are only waiting until we have helped European revival to a point where the prize will be worth the risk.

Soviet Russia can mobilize an army of two hundred divisions against the West, and she is devoting a large percentage of her industrial output to military purposes. She is arming, training, and integrating into her own forces the armies of her satellite states and is at present converting 360,000 of the "people's police" in the Soviet Zone of Germany into an army fully equipped with tanks, artillery, and grenades. There are thirty-five to forty Soviet division stationed in Eastern Europe ready for action.

What can be done about it?

We Americans are unwilling to mobilize and maintain a large standing army on the continent of Europe. Furthermore, it would be imprudent for us to do so as long as Europe has sufficient manpower, as our energies can better be devoted to producing the implements of war. Neither France nor Britain could maintain large armies without risking complete economic collapse.

There are two untapped sources of manpower in Western Europe, one in Spain and the other in Germany.

The refusal of the Western powers to help Spain economically and militarily—especially in view of the help given Communist Tito—is short-sighted, stupid, and perhaps even fatal. Whatever the faults of the Franco regime, there can be no doubt whatever of Spanish loyalty to the West, nor of the quality of Spain's fighting forces if properly equipped for modern warfare.

As regards Western Germany, the problem resolves itself into a question whether its military power can be rebuilt without danger that it will be used against the West.

Many whose opinions are worthy of consideration answer that question in the affirmative. They think that it can be done by either one of two methods, or better yet, by a combination of the two. They envision German troops as a part of a Western European Army under West European commanders. The other method is to continue the ban on all arms production in Germany and to make all German forces wholly dependent on matériel supplied by Western Europe and the U. S. A.

Reports of the plans approved recently in Paris place the defense line of the West on the Elbe and assign to France the role of providing ground forces with which to repulse the initial attack. In other words, there is to be what amounts to a vacuum between the Elbe and the Rhine, and an eggshell French Army between the Rhine and the Atlantic.

**W**E CAN well understand French fears of German military might. Three times in a few generations, the French have suffered the frightful effects of German aggression. But the French may have to take the calculated risk of a partial and controlled German rearmament to avoid the far greater risk of Soviet occupation. And with the atom bomb in the arsenal of the Reds, it is unlikely that they could ever be dislodged from France by a continental invasion.

At least let us be done with the pussyfooting, hush-hush attitude which eliminates even discussion of the question of German rearmament. Above all, let us be done with the suicidal ideological prejudices which exclude the armies of Spain from the defense of the West.

Since we are to take the major part in the defense of Western Europe, we have a right to insist that Western Europe compose its age-old dissensions and unite to do what it can to defend itself.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



*Religious News*

Franco at the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. He went to Mass and received Holy Communion. Can you imagine Tito or Stalin doing this? We'd have peace if they did.



*Acme*

Guests at Soviet Embassy on thirty-second anniversary of the Red Revolution. Red bosses had plenty of capitalistic food—what did the workers eat? Black bread?

IN the life of a man half a century is the greater part of a lifetime, but in the chronology of mankind it is but a thread in the tapestry of history. Yet in any tapestry each

### **Second Half of a Century**

thread is essential to complete the pattern. And the history of mankind can be essentially changed for weal or for woe in something less

than half a century. This New Year's Day marks the start of the second half of the loudly boasted and much-lamented twentieth century. And all the world cannot help wondering if the pattern woven in the past fifty years cannot somehow with God's grace and man's effort be better done in the next. That this may be so, it is singularly fitting that the Year of Grace 1950 should be declared a Holy Year. For like pilgrims traveling to Rome, the minds of all men have a journey to make, if they but will. Theirs is a pilgrimage to the four basilicas of justice and charity and truth and freedom. And it is a pilgrimage that must be made if the twentieth century is not to be the sordid last chapter in the history of man's doings on earth.

It is a strange paradox, but the swiftest means of locomotion on such a pilgrimage is on one's knees. And it is no paradox at all to find at journey's end Him who came on earth that justice might reign, that charity might bind men in the bonds of brotherhood, that the truth might make men free. That all the world may find Christ and Christ may give His peace to all the world, the Editors and Staff of THE SIGN wish one and all not so much a Happy New Year as a Holy Year. And if it is a holy year, it will be a happy year indeed.

IN 1523, Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, was broke. In 1560 he died, worth \$6,000,000 and owner of 5,000 large farms. How did he do it? Exactly as Henry VIII of England, his contemporary, did—

### **Democracy (?) In Sweden**

by snatching chalices, ciboria, and lands that had been donated to the Church for common use. This piracy

was engineered by outlawing the Catholic Church and forcing Protestantism on the Swedes. The modern Swede is a Protestant because a totalitarian government would not let his ancestors be anything else.

Sweden gets a great hand in America, these days. She is reported to be in a condition of magnificent economic health. More important, she is advertised as the most democratic nation in the world. We do not want to be catty. But we dislike seeing big, clear, present facts swept out of sight under the publicity carpet to await discovery during some cleaning job four hundred years hence.

Here are some of the facts about Swedish democracy: If a Methodist in Sweden wants to marry, he has to apply to a Lutheran minister. Incidentally, if a Methodist in Spain



*Wide World*  
West Coast leftist and troublemaker, Harry Bridges, goes to trial. The same obstructionist tactics are being used as in New York Red trial. We hope justice prevails.



Leftists, posing as "partisans for peace," hold a rally in Rome. Perhaps the Holy Year crowds will convince many just who are the real partisans for peace. We hope.



*Acme photos*  
In Czecho-Slovakia 127 priests are "pardoned" by Gottwald. Despite reports, they pledged no loyalty to Reds, but to the government if it acts according to God's law.

wants to marry, he doesn't have to apply to a Catholic priest.

If a Lutheran in Sweden wants to change over and become a Baptist or anything else, he must go around to the Lutheran pastor and tell him just what his plans are. Again incidentally, if a Catholic in Spain wants to become a Baptist, he just goes ahead and does it.

The Swedish Constitution excludes from government office all but communicants of the Swedish Lutheran Church. As far as the Spanish Constitution is concerned, a Seventh Day Adventist could be a member of the Franco government.

In Sweden, only members of the State Lutheran Church may teach school. This would probably seem quaint to Doctor Araujo, a Protestant, who is Professor of Mathematics at the Spanish University of Zaragoza.

A Committee on Revision has been drafting a new constitution from which most of these undemocratic articles will be dropped. And for this reform the Swedish people are to be cordially congratulated. May God prosper their effort and bless them for their good will.

We shiver, though, when we think of the job that Bromley Oxnam would do on them if he were on our side.

AMERICAN kids are a healthy, good-natured lot. But they deserve a lot of sympathy. They are being gypped six ways from Sunday. The older generation teams up against them

and runs the world to suit itself. The little fellow, just big enough to shake hands with a department store Santa Claus in 1949, will discover in a few years that daddy and mother had him cleaned out away back then. They had mortgaged his country and put his economic future in hock. Between 1930 and 1949, the generation that was handling the public funds flashed \$236,000,000,000 more than it owned.

As of January 1950, any attempt at paying off that debt has been so much eyewash. There is nothing like austerity in the United States. No hitching in of the budgetary belt around a shrinking national waistline. Daddy and his generation are only paying interest on the public debt that they ran up. But they are paying more in interest than the United States Government laid out in capital expenditure eighteen years ago. And, judging from the absence of any real disposition to wipe out that unfavorable balance, Junior is going to be handed, as a nest egg, a debt which will milk him of \$5,000,000,000 in interest every year.

The oldsters can be excused for spending a lot of money to win a war and save their necks. They can be admired for playing rich uncle wherever reconstruction funds are needed. But they cannot be pardoned for forgetting that it was Junior's bank account that they plundered. They ordered champagne and handed him the check.

Young America gets as raw a deal spiritually as it gets economically. The entertainment available to the public depends on public opinion. Producers endeavor to shoo citizens away neither with machine guns nor unappetizing diversion. They give them what they want. Which means that they offer what the adult public wants.

Here is how the adolescent fares: If he wants to see a play, there will be one in about every seventeen suitable for him. The others will be more or less morally mucked up, and will do him more harm than good. In fact, one out of every two plays on Broadway will be messy enough to make even the adult spirit gag.

Movies will be a little better. There his chances are about one in three of getting into the right kind of a show.

He will do badly with books, though. If he tries to sample the current fiction which is stocked in rental libraries, he is almost sure to grab a fistful of dirt.





ness they are too expensive. Those who are advocating such an abandonment insist that industry cannot support such added cost unless production per man hour is increased. Underlying this argument is the supposition that otherwise this cost must come from increased prices or diminished profits. Increased prices are poor public relations as well as bad economics, and diminished profits deliberately induced are unthinkable. Consequently, without increased productivity, any spreading further of the hundred-dollars-a-month-after-sixty-five idea is contemplated with angry horror.

Now it well may be in many an industry, especially smaller industries, that neither salaries of management nor profits of investors are overly large, that without a price rise the only way any pension plan at all can be considered is in the light of increased productivity—a solution easier to tag than to attain. But in the major industries there is the very real and very much ignored solution of distributive justice. There is nothing sacrosanct about the so-called brains of management that entitles it to a quarter of a million salary not counting bonuses while the so-called brawn of the laboring man is not yet receiving a family wage. There is no reason we know of why, for example, U. S. Steel could raise the salary of its chairman, Irving S. Olds, by \$22,367 for 1949 and find it so difficult at the same time to understand the workers' desire for a cost-of-living wage rise. Nor can we see any reason why it took a senseless strike to obtain from U. S. Steel a pension of \$100 for the worker when U. S. Steel had already freely and graciously provided an annual pension of \$76,537 for its president, Benjamin F. Fairless, on his retirement, in order that he may live out his declining years in modest and frugal comfort and security.

While working for increased production of wealth, it would not be a bad idea at all for the nation to look into the present distribution of each year's added riches.

**WHEN** James Truslow Adams published his *Epic of America*, he coined a new expression to sum up the spirit of this land wherein a better and richer and fuller life for every man

### **The American Dream**

which each man and each woman shall be able to attain to the fullest stature of which they are innately capable." And he pointed out what is the greatest obstacle to that dream, and it is not Communism. "A system that steadily increases the gulf between the ordinary man and the super-rich, that permits the resources of society to be gathered into personal fortunes that afford their owners millions of income a year, with only the chance that here and there a few may be moved to confer some of their surplus upon the public in ways chosen wholly by themselves, is assuredly a wasteful and unjust system. It is, perhaps, as inimical as anything could be to the American dream."

Adams was more Catholic than he knew. For it is the traditional teaching of the Church that ownership of wealth has two aspects: one individual, one social. It is the denial of the social aspect of property that is wrecking the American dream. It is the ruthless race for private gain at the expense of workers and public, the struggle to amass personal wealth under the banner of "free competition" while using human beings as tools in the effort.

In a land where property rights often outweigh human rights, where competition and the profit motive are considered the sacred wellsprings of success, it is a herculean task to build a reform on the square basis of Christian teaching and the moral law. Yet on these grounds we must build. And build we can. For the American dream is not dead. At least not yet.



A mundane but important consideration about the Holy Year is that poor Italian merchants will get business. Some hope to sell Holy Year scarves as above to visitors.



We haven't forgotten the children in war-torn Europe, but sometimes the children wish we had! Above, cod liver oil from America is given to children of Berlin.

Acme Photos

# Year of Grace

In this Holy Year of Grace,  
all roads lead to Rome, where  
pilgrim prayers will join  
the Holy Father's for peace  
and the spiritual rebirth  
of Christendom

by **BARRETT MCGURN**

THE pilgrim who alights at Rome's modern Ciampino airport or who comes ashore at the international steamship piers in Naples or Genoa to take part in the 1950 Holy Year will be in many ways a different person from the ragged, shivering, barefoot traveler who came some previous holy years. In many essentials, however, the two pilgrims will be the same.

Earlier pilgrims, making their way through Italy's incredibly broken and crowded roads, burst into excited song when the rooftops of the Eternal City came into view along the low banks of the silt-laden Tiber. The same song will be sung by 1950 pilgrims, though probably not on the outskirts of the huge metropolis Rome lately has become. Present plans are to have the song, *O Roma Nobilis*, chanted at the doorsteps of St. Peter's.

"O noble Rome, ruler of the world!" the 1950 pilgrims will intone just as pilgrims did in the holy years of other centuries.

"City without peer!

Reddened with the crimson blood of martyrs,

Resplendent with the spotless purity of virgins,

Till time is no more

Never shall we cease to greet and bless thee!"



Wide World

The Rome the new pilgrims will salute is no longer the muddy collection of shacks pilgrims found in some medieval holy years. Scores of proper hotels await the new travelers. Nor is it a city where the danger of famine is likely to arise as a result of the influx of visitors. In other holy years, particularly in one when the Rome resident population sank to 17,000 persons, starvation became an imminent possibility, but a rail system rivaling Europe's best is now at hand to bring any supplies the expected 3,000,000 pilgrims are likely to need.

Though Rome has changed, at least a hint of the emotion which must have colored the voices of the earlier pilgrims is likely to tinge the tones of those who sing "O Roma Nobilis!" in the new Holy Year. The same amazing collection of remains of almost the whole history of Christianity is still to

be seen throughout the ancient city. The new travelers will still be able to walk through the tunnels of the Catacombs, passages hundreds of miles long beneath the soil of the Roman outskirts. Frescoes of the earliest Christian centuries, still bright with the original colors; mosaics of the early Middle Ages when Roman imperial power had collapsed but when Christianity had grown to dominate the life of Rome and of much of Europe; churches of a full sixteen-century history, from the time of Constantine's edict authorizing Christianity until those of the present year (one of the latest under construction will be completed during the Holy Year and will be dedicated to St. Eugene, the saint for whom the present Pope was named in baptism)—all are still to be seen alongside the terrible reminders of the persecutions of the first days of Christianity, places like



the still-standing Colosseum. (Some pilgrims have already sent word to Rome that they mean to recite the Stations of the Cross beside the Colosseum arena.)

**I**N some ways pilgrims of the new Holy Year will see even more to recall the first days of Christianity than had the pilgrims of the Middle Ages. Years of excavations have laid bare the sidewalks and meeting places of the ancient Roman forum, the Ostian seaport, and a dozen other spots where early Christians and their persecutors must have walked. Perhaps most striking of all are the excavations which have been carried out on order of the present Pope beneath St. Peter's Basilica itself. For generations it has been said that St. Peter was buried in a pagan cemetery at the spot where the enormous basilica of St. Peter now stands. For ten years excavators have been removing hundreds of truckloads of earth from beneath the great structure to find what is there. Discoveries which have excited international interest have been made. Thirty feet below the level of the church floor it is now possible to walk once again through the streets of an ancient pagan cemetery occupied by more than a dozen room-sized tombs. Full information on the findings has yet to be published, but repeated recent statements since the excavations have referred to

the site as that of the place of St. Peter's entombment.

Whether all Holy Year pilgrims will be allowed to visit the ancient cemetery beneath the basilica is still uncertain. More excavating remains to be done, and the crowded conditions in the old burial ground make it difficult to permit hundreds of thousands of persons to walk through. A new entrance way has been pierced in the thick walls of St. Peter's, however, to permit easy access to the reorganized crypt of the basilica, the place where Popes have been buried for many centuries. Pilgrims will be permitted to visit the crypt without difficulty.

The opportunity to see early Christian places which were unapproachable in other holy years will not be the only special privileges 1950 pilgrims will enjoy. Some of the greatest exhibitions of Catholic life ever assembled are planned for the new Holy Year. Exhibitions both of twentieth-century modern Church art and of native Christian art from the mission areas also are in preparation.

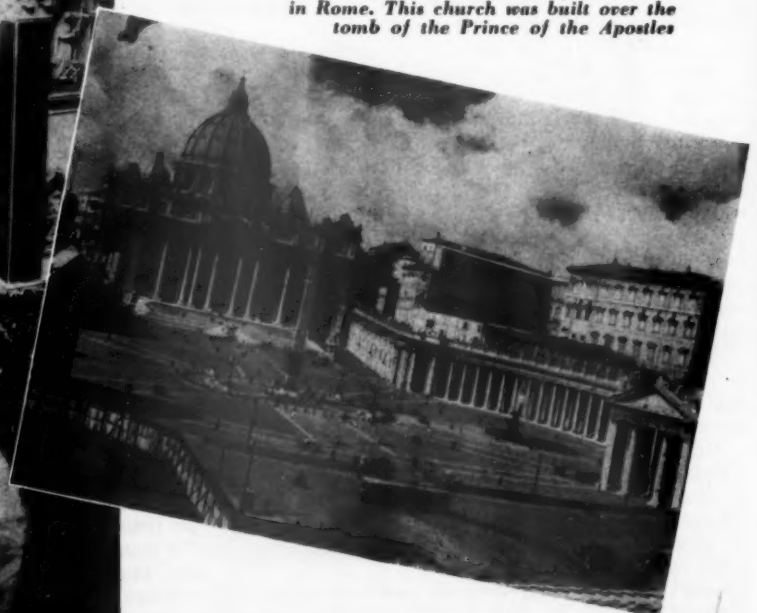
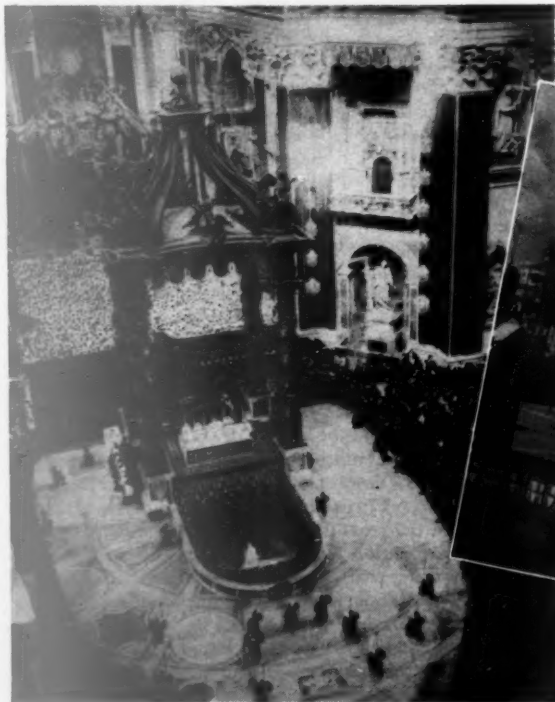
The sight of Rome with its hundreds of monuments of the Christian past will not be the only phase of the new Holy Year that is likely to arouse emotions similar to those experienced by pilgrims of the first holy years. The religious essence of the Holy Year—the opportunity to obtain a plenary indulgence, a full cancellation of the

punishment due to sin—will be the same.

Outstanding among all the reasons that may bring emotion to the words of *O Roma Nobilis!* as the song is resung in the 1950 Holy Year, will be the recognition of the trials that face the Church in much of the world as the periodic jubilee year returns. Many countries where Catholics are the majority—Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Lithuania—are under Communist rule. Priests have been sentenced to hard labor, others have been jailed, some have died under strange circumstances. The story of recent months has been one of expansion of the Communist area and of Communist pressure rather than of contraction. Rome itself is only a few score miles from Albania, the nearest Communist outpost. Even St. Peter's is only three or four blocks from the nearest Communist club, a center where excited followers of the new Moscow philosophy have been heard exclaiming: "We'll go up there (to the Vatican) and burn it down!"

**T**HE likelihood of the threat's being carried out is slim, and the grinding poverty and misery of those who have uttered the cries are something with which none can fail to sympathize, but the danger which the situation represents is patent.

Both the poverty of people like those in the Communist Club near the



*Interior and exterior views of St. Peter's in Rome. This church was built over the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles*

Vatican and the trials of Catholics in Eastern Europe have been mentioned prominently in the list of subjects Pope Pius XII has asked 1950 pilgrims to include in their prayers. The Pope has asked prayers:

That the jobless of the world may be given work at which they can earn an honest living, and that the rest of the world's needy may receive "necessary and opportune aid from those who are in better circumstances;"

That class hatred may give way to a unity between classes based on just brotherly agreement:

That members of the Church may maintain loyalty "with unshaken spirit" despite "the intrigues, deceptions, and attacks of the enemy;" and

That homesick refugees, prisoners, and homeless exiles may find their way back to their fatherlands as soon as possible.

In addition, the Pope has asked prayers:

That real peace may be established: That orderly tranquillity may be restored, especially in Palestinian areas associated with the life of Christ, on the basis of a "just settlement;" and

That all outside the Church, both those who once belonged and those who "deny or hate God," may be brought to obey the precepts of the Gospel."

To realize all the Papal aims for the 1950 Holy Year, especially those for an end to the preaching of class hatred and a reopening of homelands to exiles who dare not now return, a profound change in Communist doctrine and Russian policy would be necessary. The likelihood of such a change is hard to foresee, but there is no question, however, that Communists already are watching with interest the spectacle of religious persons of fifty nations preparing to make the long journey to the city where Christianity passed some of its most difficult early years.

Other objectives in the Papal list, such as those aimed at the granting of work opportunities to the jobless and of adequate assistance to the world's needy, may be more easily accomplished by the direct action of those who will hear the Pontiff's appeal. The sort of need the Pope has in mind will be readily visible on the outskirts of Rome itself (in new suburbs where water, electricity, sewers, schools, transportation, heating, medical facilities, and housing are either nonexistent or desperately inadequate), or farther down the coast of Italy in spots like the interior highlands of Calabria.

Newspapermen who accompanied Italy's Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi on a tour of inner Calabria in March

weeks found a dramatic illustration of the conditions Pope Pius clearly has in mind. In one village, San Giovanni in Fiori, ("St. John in the Flowers"), reporters found kitchen "stoves" that were small wood fires on the hearth; stove "pipes" that were mere holes punched in the wall, holes so inadequate that walls were stained black with soot, and eyes were red as if from constant irritation; walls and doorways that were so badly cracked that chill air from the half-mile-high altitude



*Communist flags near the Colosseum flaunt their threat to the Church*

seeped in at will; small beds each of which had to do for families of as many as six or seven; and a disease situation which included widespread tuberculosis, trachoma, typhus, and typhoid.

"Why don't you whitewash your walls?" a reporter asked rather dazedly.

"Whitewash!" gasped the villagers. "And where would we get eighty cents for whitewash?"

"Why don't you put a proper smoke exit over the fire?"

"And where could we afford to buy materials for that?"

The villagers said they ate mainly potatoes, bread, and cabbage. They said that population has expanded to such an extent in the villages down the slopes that there is no longer any of the seasonal work on low-lying olive orchards, a source of employment which helped support San Giovanni in Fiori in the past. The same phenomenon has cut work opportunities higher on the mountain.

"So when the snow comes—and it

should be here in these days—we starve," one man exclaimed.

But at least in San Giovanni in Fiori there is a happy side of the picture. Part of the \$100,000,000 of American Marshall Plan money which is now being spent on Italian farm zones will be used there to give new job opportunities to 20,000 farmers, some of them men from San Giovanni in Fiori.

Another of the Papal wishes for the 1950 Holy Year, the reunion of professed Christians, is still distant, but there are encouraging signs. Londoners, for instance, have been discussing with keen interest a long article the thoughtful *Times* published in the two months before the start of the Holy Year.

"The sufferings of Catholics in Eastern Europe have roused the sympathy and indignation of many besides their co-religionists," *The Times'* article commented. "No unprejudiced observer can any longer believe that the issue being fought out there is one between reactionary clericalism and the forces of progress; fundamentally it is a conflict between those who affirm and those who deny the reality of spiritual values. . . ."

"The polemics of the Counter-Reformation are felt to have outlasted their usefulness to a society demanding not the dubious stimulants of sectarian controversy but a fundamental re-Christianization. . . ."

"The struggle against Marxian paganism, in which the Roman Church has given so unequivocal a lead, is creating a common Christian sympathy. There is much to support the view that the time is now ripe for re-examining the relations between Rome and the other Christian bodies. . . . The multiplicity of Christian sects, as reports from the mission field go to prove, is the chief stumbling block to the acceptance of the Gospel by the non-Christian peoples (themselves subjected to unremitting Communist propaganda). . . ."

*The Times* admitted that "there are no signs that within any predictable future the non-Roman Christian bodies are likely to make their submission to the Holy See." It implied, however, that not Catholics alone will be praying and working for Christian unity during the course of the 1950 Holy Year. Nor in Catholic hearts alone will there be echoes of the old pilgrim chants again resung.

**BARRETT MCGURN** is a native of New York and a graduate of Fordham University. He is at present "New York Herald Tribune" correspondent in Rome. During war years he was overseas correspondent for "Yank."

# SHOWDOWN IN 1950

by WILFRID PARSONS, S. J.

The old perennial, the Bill for Federal Aid to Education, comes before Congress again. Father Parsons lists the characters and issues involved



Wide World

*A round-table talk with churchmen, educators and labor leaders present. Father McManus of NCWC is to left*

*Right, Rep. Stephen Young showing over a thousand letters received in one day against Barden Bill*



Acme

WITH the convening of the second session of the Eighty-First Congress this month, an old and ever-new controversy will be reopened. Everybody knows this controversy by the name of "Federal Aid to Education," but, when it comes up once more, the average citizen is apt to moan: "What, that again?" Yes, that again, for about the twenty-fifth consecutive year.

It is like a play, with continuous performance, but with the last act never finally concluded and the curtain never let down.

For headline readers (and aren't we all?), it came to look toward the end of the last session as if the only actors left on the boards were the Catholic Church (represented by Cardinal Spellman) and the House of Representatives (or rather Rep. Graham A. Barden, of North Carolina), with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt making several brief but spectacular forays onto the stage. These

same headline readers, if they stayed to the end, thought for the most part that the play had a very simple plot: the good Congress wanted to help the public schools out of their financial difficulties and the wicked Catholics somehow circumvented it, thus leaving the poor public schools out in the cold.

It wasn't as simple as all that. As a matter of fact, there were a number of principal characters who got into the act and whose names have for the most part been forgotten. Since they will all come back again very soon, let me help the puzzled reader out by printing this

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

National Education Association (NEA); Teachers College, Columbia University; Protestants and Others United for Separation of Church and State (PAOU);

Scottish Rite Masons, Southern Jurisdiction; National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC), with several subsidiaries; American Federation of Teachers (AFL), known as AFT; National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP); U. S. Chamber of Commerce; Senate Committee on Education and Labor; House Committee on Education and Labor; Supreme Court of the United States; Chorus of minor characters (pressure groups, "patriotic" societies, welfare agencies, etc.) mostly singing out of harmony.

All of these played a more or less important part, and they will come on again in 1950 for a repeat performance.



Now for the plot of the drama. Like those of most problem plays, it is rather complicated. I shall try to unravel it under the following general headings:

- I. Do the schools of this country need financial aid?
- II. Should this aid be Federal as well as state grants?
- III. How much money is needed?
- IV. To whom should it go? the teachers? the school boards? the school children? or some, or all?
- V. To be precise, should this aid go to the education of the children of all the citizens or only to public-school children?
- VI. (Here is where the complications come in.) Can we make a valid distinction between direct aid to schools and auxiliary "services" to children?
- VII. *Refrain*, sung at intervals by some of the principal characters, along with part of the chorus (words and music subject to change without notice); entitled "Separation of Church and State."

It is now necessary to add, for purposes of clarification only, that of course not all of the characters answer the same to all these questions, nor do all of those on the same side answer "yes" and "no" to the same questions. All of this makes for variety, if not always for clarity.

But let us start at the beginning.

**P**RACTICALLY everybody agrees education in the United States needs some help. It is not necessary to give statistics here. I have before me pages and pages of tables and charts showing among other things these facts: the number of children receiving no education runs into the millions; millions of others get only part-time schooling; outside of some rich states, schoolteachers generally are scandalously underpaid; many, many schoolhouses are antiquated, poorly lighted and ventilated, hazards to health and from fire; thou-

sands of schoolteachers have had only an elementary education; health services to school children are more often lacking than not.

So the real question is: where is the money coming from? For many years the NEA has taken the lead in the movement to have this money come from the Federal Government. Not a session of Congress for twenty-five years has gone by without a bill being introduced, and sponsored by the NEA, calling for Federal aid. Sometimes the bill has passed one House and died in committee in the other, and vice versa; but never has such a bill passed both Houses and gone to the President for signature. The AFT (usually at odds with NEA) agrees on the principle of Federal aid—we shall see later with what restrictions and conditions. On the other hand the U. S. Chamber of Commerce opposes it, principally out of the fear that once the Federal Government steps in with help for the schools many states will simply discontinue aid by just that much, and schools, teachers, and children will be just as badly off as before, though it also fears Federal control of the schools. The NCWC was among the last to be converted to the principle, and again we shall see with what restrictions and conditions.

But the most powerful convert to Federal aid was Senator Taft of Ohio. He opposed it for many years, and his argument was simple: "I am against Federal control of education; I believe the Federal Government *should* control where it spends money; therefore I am against Federal money for the schools." He abandoned this when it was shown him it was possible to write a bill giving Federal money but leaving control of it to the states. This argument is, of course, a two-edged sword: it cuts off Federal control all right, but it also cuts off aid to parochial schools as we shall see.

Well, so we are going to have Federal

aid to schools. How much money is needed? Nobody knows, so everybody said together: "Let's try \$300,000,000 for a starter and see what happens." This was the figure that Mr. Taft put in his bill in the Eightieth Congress, and also the one that passed the Senate last session in the Thomas Bill.

**W**HO is going to get the money? Here confusion began, but through the tumult two groups of voices could be heard: one, led by NEA, said, "Let's just give it to the states pro rata according to the number of children of school age in each;" the other replied, "Why give the most money to the richest states like New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, etc.? Why not just give to the states and counties which actually need it?" This sounds reasonable enough, but it lost out. The NEA principle got into both the Thomas and Barden Bills.

The AFT, speaking through Miss Selma Borchardt, who also spoke for the AFL at large, came up with five interesting "basic points" on how to spend the money: 75 per cent earmarked for salaries for teachers; services for every American child in all schools, public and private; aid for public school construction; aid for scholarships for needy students; aid to combat adult illiteracy. The Teachers Federation takes little pains to conceal its deep suspicion that, under NEA direction of the money, the lion's share would go to administrators and not to the teachers themselves.

Two other groups came on the stage at this point: the Negroes and the Catholics. For the first time in many years of Federal legislation, the principle of racial segregation was enshrined in the Thomas Bill, as it passed the Senate, and in the Barden Bill as well, the only requirement being that the same proportion be preserved in Federal as in the state appropriations for minority races. Since, in many



**Rep. C. A. Barden.** His biased bill started the fight



**Sen. Robert Taft.** He changed his mind about federal aid



**Bishop C. B. Oxnam.** He wants no aid to parochial schools



**Rep. Joseph R. O'Hara.** He proposed a compromise bill

states, this proportion runs heavily against the Negro, it is easy to see how the Federal money would be divided. The NAACP lodged vigorous but futile protests both against the principle of segregation and the method of allotment of money.

Catholics, speaking through Father William E. McManus of the NCWC's Department of Education, had an even more serious ground for protest. The Senate's bill provided that the states should spend Federal money only in accord with each state's constitution and laws. Since every single state has constitutional provisions forbidding its own money to go to "sectarian" institutions, it is easy to see that this so-called "states-rights" provision was only a cover for excluding parochial schools from any Federal benefits.

The Barden Bill would go even further. It comes right out and in Section 5 makes it mandatory that all Federal money for schools or school children should go *only* to public schools. Thus, for the first time in any Federal legislation, Catholic school and college students would by law be excluded from any Federal benefits. It is not hard to see how far-reaching such a provision could be. Once put it into one law, and, the precedent thus established, all kinds of Federal legislation on many things could be made to exclude any kind of benefits accruing to Catholics.

The ironical part of all this was that in both bills, in apportioning the amounts for each state, *all* children of school age were counted in, but in giving out the money only public school children would get anything, the Catholics and Protestants going to their own schools being counted out. This "counting-in" and "counting-out" procedure was justly scourged by Father McManus.

**Y**ET it seems the audience, the general reading public, including many Catholics, never did get to understand either the stand on principle or the offer of compromise made by Catholics. It was many times stated that we did not want the money, that we would be content with a small token payment, only don't put for the first time into Federal legislation that odious and unfair provision that would discriminate on religious grounds. On this there was obviously no room for compromise.

Yet Catholics were not uncompromising. Father McManus has since revealed that he was instructed to offer the NEA this proposition: Let us make a distinction between direct aid to schools and that aid, in the form of auxiliary services, which goes directly to school children—transportation, secular text-

books, health examinations and services, school milk and lunches, and the like. He would be willing not to speak out against direct aid to public schools, provided the auxiliary services were not to be denied to our own school children. Had this offer been accepted, we would have a Federal Aid Act on the books today. It was, however, rejected.

It is pretty clear, therefore, that the accusation that "the Catholics killed the bill" is not justified. It was the intransigent attitude of the NEA and its allies in refusing to allow even non-educational services to all children, regardless of their school attendance, which killed the bill. Moreover, it should not be forgotten in this connection that Catholics joined in with the Teachers Federation in demanding priority for the teachers themselves, with the Negroes in repudiating the segregation and discriminating clause, and with many others in asking that Federal relief go only to those states and counties that need it. These last three points, not being directly relig-

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• Small deeds done are better than great deeds planned.

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ious, were largely overlooked. But they also played a large part in defeating the Barden Bill when it was reported to the whole Committee on Education and Labor by the Barden subcommittee.

I had almost forgotten the refrain which ran all through this drama. "Separation of church and state" was struck up in varying keys and chords. It seemed always to come in just when reason and logic seemed about to triumph, and it was sure-fire to drown out all agreement and compromise. It was sung with fervor by all the secularists, by PAOU, by the Southern Jurisdiction Masons, and even, I regret to say, the august Supreme Court joined in the chorus on two occasions. Like all refrains, it soon lost whatever legitimate meaning it once had, or it meant something different to each person or group that had occasion to use it rather than lose an argument.

Meanwhile the fight will be renewed in the second session of the Eighty-first Congress. That can be prophesied without embarrassment. Little else is certain, except that the same actors will be on the stage of this continuous performance. It is not likely, however, that they will perform at any Congressional hearing. Everything has been said at previous hearings that could possibly be said. The hearings before Representative Barden's subcommittee last May and June themselves fill a fat volume of 953 pages. The volumes of

previous hearings fill a couple of good-sized book shelves. Anyone, who, like myself, has had the dire job of ploughing through these volumes has the distressing feeling of having dreamed it all years ago.

**A**BOUT the only things new in this rotating performance are the NEA-Taft scheme of leaving it all up to the states and Mr. Barden's audacious gesture of committing the Federal Government to an out-and-out anti-parochial school position—both of which amount to the same thing in the end. And then there is, of course, the Supreme Court's having "fallen for" the nebulous separation-of-church-and-state slogan as a "constitutional principle." How long it will be before this spell is finally broken in those august precincts is anybody's guess, but surely some day somebody thereabouts will set himself seriously to study history, the Constitution, and traditional American practice in both state and Federal governments, and come up with the conclusion that, as a rule of law, "separation of church and state" is, well, a good controversial slogan on the way out like last year's slang.

Before the showdown takes place on Federal aid, sometime in 1950, Catholics will have to make up their minds on several lines—and by Catholics I mean the Hierarchy, the NCWC, those in legislative positions, and the whole Catholic public—and these are:

- (1) Do we subscribe to the principle of Federal aid to education?
- (2) If so, do we limit this aid to the public schools?
- (3) If we do not, what portion of it should go to parochial schools, for
  - a) *direct aid*: teachers' salaries, schools, buildings, etc.;
  - b) *indirect aid*: secular textbooks, transportation, health examinations and treatments, school lunches, etc.

It is hard to see how any honest American, not led astray by misleading slogans, could refuse to accept this last type of aid at least. If he does refuse it, it could only be because he is willing to discriminate against a child whose parents, Catholic or Protestant, send him to a school under Catholic auspices, because this form of so-called "indirect" aid does not go to the parochial school at all, but to the children of American citizens.

Well, as I said, the showdown will come in 1950. Let us make up our minds what we think is right and just.

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# The Beginning of a Black Soviet

In South Africa a senseless program of nationalism and racism is playing into the hands of a determined band of red revolutionaries

by **JOHN LAURENCE**



*In the race riots in Durban, the Zulus got support from many whites*

*International*

**M**ANY South Africans have a strange conceit: We sincerely think that the educated American knows as much about us as we do about the American. My own conceit is now in tatters. I now realize humbly that hardly a soul in the States knows anything about the Union of South Africa. I am not only humbled. I am alarmed. America should know much about South Africa.

Should the whole African continent suddenly decide to throw off white dominion, should a continent so rich in untapped raw materials grow tired of what it considers Western democratic ideals and look to the Kremlin for a new way of life, America would be definitely concerned.

Nothing like that has happened yet. The African is still securely under the heel of his white master. But that heel is pitifully small, and the African grows daily bigger—and less patient. But should Africa decide to try the experiment of a Black Soviet, it will be largely

because of the failure of the white South African to solve the race problem in the Union of South Africa.

South Africa is a dreamland for the Communist agitator. Nearly eight million Africans live in virtual slavery to less than three million whites. And their masters are squabbling amongst themselves and scattered over a vast country. In that red-hued dreamland there are only two bogeymen: the natural indolence of the African and the difficulty of organizing him into an effective revolutionary army. But these are bogeymen against which Communist optimism is proof; and already the Communist has gone to work on the South African native. In South Africa he has not had to create a spirit of discontent. That already exists. His only task is to aggravate that discontent and capitalize on it. If South Africa does not lead the rest of the continent into a Black Soviet, it will not be because South African Communists have been shirking their job.

South Africa is a land where the privileged few uneasily rule the underprivileged many. And those who lack privilege do so because of their color. Most South Africans would question the justice of that generalization. They would maintain that the black man was unfitted to enjoy privilege, not because he was black but because he was a savage. And there is much to be said for this view. The African is a savage. He buys a wife—with oxen. In the Transkei he still paints himself with red ochre. But ochre can be washed off, and he can substitute furs and jewels for oxen. In the long story of man many a tribe started on the road to greatness when it began to wash.

The liberal South African—and there are liberals in South Africa—readily admits that the African is a savage, but he thinks that it is high time that he

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washed off his paint and ceased being a savage. The Afrikaner, committed to the strange belief that there is a mystical wedding between blackness and savagery, will not meet the liberal anywhere in the argument about race. And the present government, Afrikaans and nationalistic, encourages South Africans to believe that the African is a savage incapable of ever becoming anything else. There is a hardheaded though misguided reason for clinging to this opinion: the false belief that South African economy would be thrown into confusion if Africans were treated as men with a right to a living wage.

SINCE the terminology is bound to cause confusion, it might be well to clarify the terms. An African, or native, is a black man, a Bantu; a South African is a white South African, English-speaking, and generally of British ancestry; and an Afrikaner is a white South African, Afrikaans-speaking, and usually of Dutch or French descent. Afrikaans, with English one of the country's two official languages, is a modern form of Dutch, spoken only in South Africa.

Americans would refer to the African as a Negro. He is a simple creature, but he is not a fool. He knows that he is a savage; and he is anxious to leave his savagery behind him. He can think for himself, even though his thoughts are often the confused, bitter thoughts of a whipped child. He can add two and two. He is patient, but with a patience that is beginning to wear thin. He knows that the white man has the upper hand now, but he also knows that arithmetic is on his side—arithmetic and time. The white man plans what little family he has scientifically; the black man is hopelessly unscientific—and distressingly prolific. Because he is miserably poor, he cannot give to his children the education that will lead his people away from savagery; but to the chosen few, at the cost of incredible sacrifice, he manages to give coveted higher education.

Unfortunately, though the education of the African who has risen above the illiteracy of his people is modern, it is too often modern in the worst sense and is a doubtful blessing. It is a dangerously lopsided mass of unrelated facts and undigested theories acquired in spite of white prejudice. Conscious all the time of his supposed intrinsic inferiority to anything white, the African studies with a complex. His assimilation of fact and theory is tintured with his spiritual suffering, colored by his bitterness—a bitterness that grows in depth with the extent of his studies.

And the African's vision is limited. His poverty and his lack of opportunity see to that. The only white man he knows is the man who denies his people the right to live as men. Because he is convinced that the hope of justice through constitutional means is a vain hope, he looks within himself—a self grown confident because of academic achievement—for shorter cuts to equity. His bitterness does not allow him to see that the white South African is not



*Acma*  
**The United Party's General Smuts**



*International*  
**Daniel F. Malan, Prime Minister**

the final word on white culture, nor will his sullen, brooding soul let him believe that even in South Africa there are men, white men, who are working for his betterment. He has grown accustomed to the whip. He is fascinated by the hand that holds the whip. His people look to him for guidance, for can he not read and write and talk as the white man? His people hear him murmur against the whip. To murmur must be right. They echo his resentment. He gives them new reasons for murmuring. That murmur spreads from the crowded "locations" outside the cities to the plains and beyond the mountains till it reaches the remotest African hut. The white man, remembering the Kaffir wars, swings the whip

more vigorously, fear lending strength to his arm.

Enters the Communist—the tireless, audacious Communist who has dared to seek (and has found) converts even in Washington and Westminster.

The African is not yet a Communist. Now not every African is illiterate, and the Communist knows that his approach to the educated native must be subtle. The African who has been to college feels that he must lead his own people. He is tired of white rule and suspicious of all white men. The Communist Party of South Africa has so far humored him, giving to an African, Moses Kotane, one of the highest executive positions in the Party.

School teachers are special objectives of Red propaganda, and Communists have met with far greater success in this devilish apostolate than South Africans realize or care to admit. Nor is their success surprising, for the Communists have a very powerful propaganda weapon—for them unusual—the truth. In season and out of season they keep before the angry eyes of the educated African the injustices which his people suffer. Every new piece of repressive legislation is brandished provocatively before him. And, hand in hand with this inflammatory preaching, there is a clever appeal to his natural pride in his own achievement and a mischievous exploitation of the limitations of that achievement. "You are not like the rest of your people—your unfortunate people. You have studied. You are a learned man, a great man, a leader."

COMMUNISTS know the African, for all his schooling, is still a child. "Your people are South Africa's most precious possession. Without your people, who would mine the gold? Who would gather the diamonds from the earth? Who would grow the food? The white man cannot work with his hands. He has forgotten how. If your people were not paid starvation wages, the white man would be poor. Why should your people live in hovels outside the cities in which men who have grown rich by your labor live in luxury? You must work for them, but on their own terms. They won't let you form unions. They won't give you the vote. Why? Because they fear you. They know that you can cripple them, break them, if only your people could find a leader... if only they could find a leader..."

This is not Communism. It is the unfortunate truth. This is talk that the African can understand. It is talk that lights a fire in him that is half of heaven and half of hell. He is not interested in Russia, but he listens to men who speak of the Russian revolt

and dreams of being master in the land he considers his own.

The white man fears the native, even though he is barely conscious of his fear. That fear is evident in so much of his legislation. He is blinded to his fear by his contempt of the African. He refuses to believe that so servile a creature will ever dare to question his authority or his superiority. The habit of command has grown with his own growing. As a child he had virtual slaves obedient to his whim, the cringing blacks who lived in the hinterland of his father's home. Grown to manhood, he finds it difficult to lay aside what has become a habit of mind.

But South Africa is changing. The African is losing his servility. In Johannesburg a regular feature of the daily paper is the "crime list" that bears testimony to the disintegration of the African inferiority complex. It is dangerous to be abroad in South African cities at night. The country is moving rapidly toward a crisis—forced to it by the harsh native policy of the present government. The several times outnumbered white population is divided against itself, and the African is not so blind that he fails to see this, nor so spiritless that he does not hope to profit from this dissension.

The United Party (the party led by General Smuts) in which South Africa's few liberals were allowed to influence policy, has been thrown out of power by the uncompromising Nationalist Party. Smuts at least spoke the language of peace, and he made promises. Dr. Malan, the Nationalist Premier, does not disguise his aims: The African has been spoiled. He has dared to ask for privilege. Give him privilege, and there will be no end to his asking. He will demand the vote, and white South Africa will be lost in a sea of black barbarism. But the black man will get no vote. The few privileges he has shall be taken from him. He

shall learn again a lesson he is fast forgetting: there is *one* master in South Africa, and that master is white.

It is not only the African who is restive under the Malan administration. The Nationalist is an extreme Afrikaner who hates everything British almost as much as he hates anything black. He sees his Afrikaans culture threatened by both the white and the black non-Afrikaner. English is for him a foreign tongue. When South Africa becomes a republic—as he is determined it shall become—every trace of Anglo-Saxon culture will be outlawed.

**B**UT the English-speaking South African, no cowed savage, is equally determined South Africa shall not become a cultural backwater. He rebels against Afrikaans nationalism, and he scoffs at the somber, cheerless Calvinism which the Afrikaner has interwoven with his politics. But, while he scoffs, he knows that the Dutch Reformed Church is a power in the land, and he fears it. He has seen the effects of Afrikaans Calvinism on the smaller towns, strongholds of nationalism, and he knows that, should the Dutch Church ever jockey itself into a position where it would be able to dictate to Cape Town, Durban, and Johannesburg, South Africa would be truly a cultural desert, stripped of art, drama, and literature. Dr. Malan was himself once a minister of the Dutch Church; Dr. Nicol, the administrator of the powerful Transvaal Province, is one of the more influential divines in the Dutch Church. Afrikaans Calvinism is so closely identified with Afrikaans na-

tionalism that the man who leaves the Dutch Church for another is considered both a traitor and an apostate.

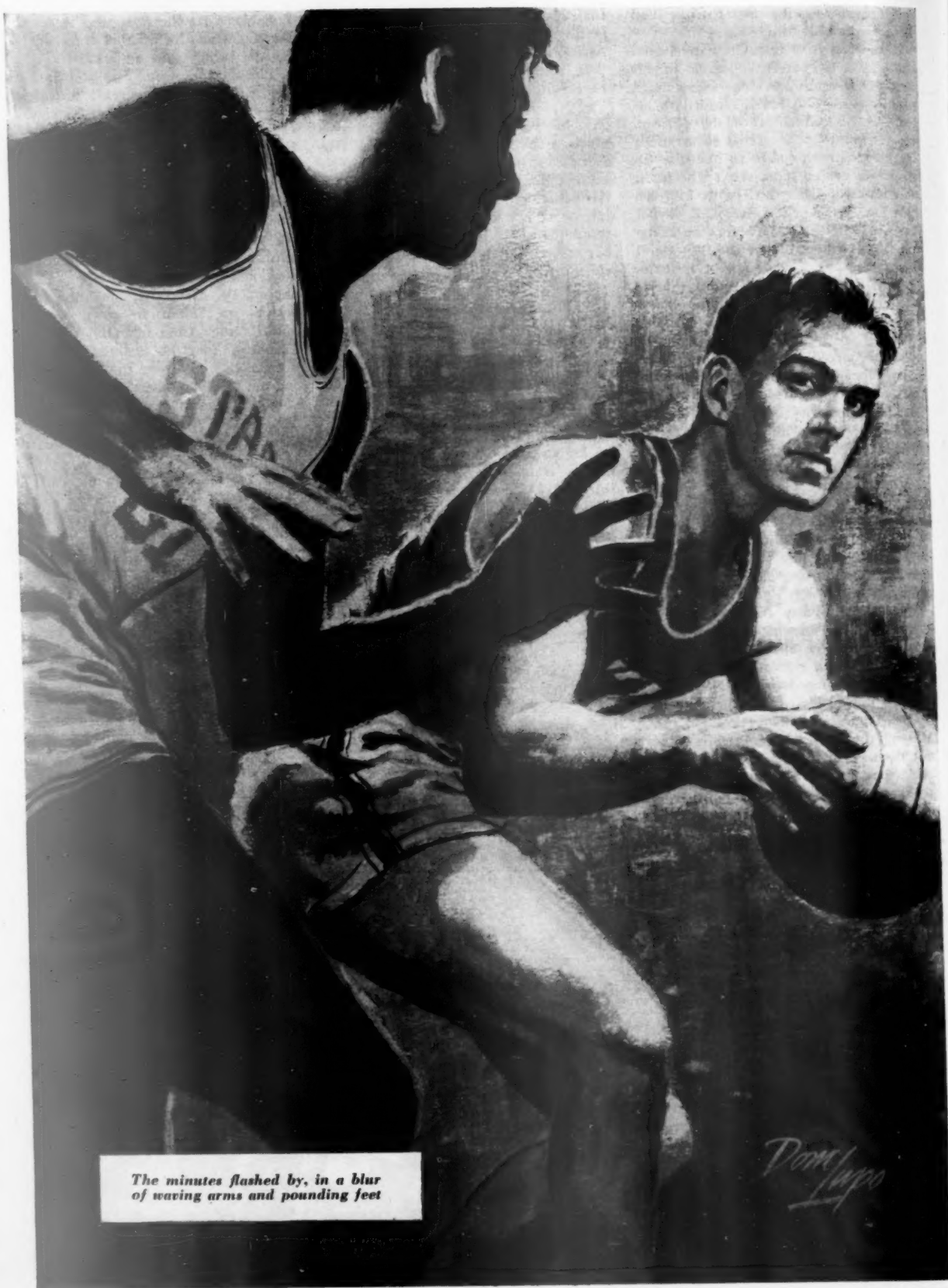
The Catholic Church in South Africa has reasons of its own for distrusting this close alliance between Afrikaans Calvinism and Afrikaans Nationalism, for the more stanchly religious an Afrikaner is the more bitterly does he hate the Church, which he has been taught from childhood to call "the Roman Danger" (*die Roomse gevaar*). On specified Sundays every Calvinist minister in South Africa is obliged by a synodal order to preach against Catholicism. Dr. Malan has not allowed his politics to soften his own hostility toward the Church. On a recent European tour he pointedly omitted from a visit to Rome the courtesy call on the Holy Father; and the only notable names missing on the invitation list he issued for his first official garden party in Cape Town were those of the Apostolic Delegate and the Bishop of Cape Town. Would-be immigrants to South Africa know that the success of their appeal to be allowed to settle in South Africa depends upon the skill with which they can conceal the fact that they are Catholic. Priests and nuns working amongst the colored and Africans feel with good reason that the realization of the republican dreams of the Nationalists will mean the end of their work. Though the government has not expressed its hostility toward the Church officially, no Catholic has any doubt that such hostility does exist and that it will speedily become specific in the shape of discriminatory laws should South Africa ever become an Afrikaner republic.

That the Nationalists are in power at all is strange. They do not speak  
(Continued on Page 78)

*These natives have decided to move their "craal" to a better location. They merely carry off the framework.*



Three Lions



*The minutes flashed by, in a blur  
of waving arms and pounding feet*



Dan had everything it takes to make the

first team—everything except a sense of fair play

# Don't get me wrong

by **ROGER DOOLEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY **DOM LUPO**

DAN'S black eyebrows knit as he stared at the blackboard. Impatiently he shifted his long legs and hooked his feet into the rungs of the chair ahead. Glancing back at his almost blank answer sheet, he wished again that while copying that term paper he had read it more carefully.

But where did all this hogwash get you, anyway, he asked himself? Where had it got that poor, dried-up fossil Norris, who stood there every day, talking about all those dead Englishmen as if he'd grown up with them? Maybe some guys went for that stuff, but not Dan Nolan. True, his basketball scholarship required a minimum average, but, after all, the college was in no position to throw away good varsity material. He had little doubt that after tonight, his last freshman game, he would be among the choice half-dozen tagged by Bill Hubbard for next year's varsity.

Then, maybe, college would begin to pay off. Once the word had suggested technicolored visions of dormitory pranks, sweated co-eds, and elaborate proms. But Staunton was a day school for men, and what dances there were he could not afford. Not like these jokers around him, with their cars and their ready money. Outwardly, of course, one reindeer sweater looked much like another, and between his slacks and his loafers the Argyle socks Nancy had knitted him showed as bright as the next fellow's. But Dan felt every difference, even if his classmates pretended to ignore them.

Stuart Keyes, for instance — whose blond brush cut had all but disappeared between the hunched shoulders of his sport coat in the seat ahead — did not even have to earn his tuition, but his six feet four, less than two inches taller than Dan's, had put him in the position of freshman center.

Next season would be different, Dan promised himself. This year's captain, Ted Lovell, known to the sport pages

as "The Prairie Panther," would be graduating. Instead of the test questions, Dan was reading in his mind's eye syndicated news stories: "In one of the most stunning upsets Madison Square Garden has ever seen, little Staunton flashed out of the Midwest to topple C.C.N.Y. 54-42. Sparked by the sensational hook shots of Dapper Dan Nolan. . ."

"Mr. Nolan! Are you finished? I'm taking the papers." Professor Norris' prosaic voice broke in.

"Huh? Oh, yeah." Sheepishly, Dan passed his paper across.

The professor's graying eyebrows rose slightly as he saw the sketchy answers. A rather slight, wiry man in a well-pressed gray pinstripe, he revealed nothing of the absent-minded professor in the alert gray eyes behind his rimless glasses.

Oh, well, Dan told himself, he would probably scrape through this quiz, as he had the others, on what he remembered from the classes when he happened to be listening. That happened fairly often in Norris' class. Besides, that term paper was supposed to count heavily toward the mid-term mark. Thanks to Ted Lovell, Dan had handed in a lengthy analysis of Coleridge's contributions to the Romantic Movement. As Dan figured it, Norris must have corrected so many papers in the three years since Ted had first written it that he could never remember or prove it if he did.

Thus he was surprised but by no means alarmed when, at the final bell, Norris summoned him to the desk.

"You don't have practice today, do you? On account of the game tonight?"

"That's right," said Dan; he had not thought a professor would know that much about basketball.

"Good. Then I'd like to talk to you about your English work."

"Well, Prof, I'm pretty busy. Could we make it another day?"

"I think we'd better make it today."

Norris still spoke pleasantly, but so firmly that Dan attempted no further excuse. "The English Department office is hardly the place for a private talk. I wonder if you'd mind walking home with me?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to impose. . ."

"Not at all. My wife will enjoy meeting you."

Dan was bewildered. Though he had heard that in college the faculty treated you more like an equal, so far he had experienced no proof of this.

Shortening his steps, with the unconsciously protective air he assumed with smaller and older people, he felt strangely awkward as they walked across the wintry campus. Through the blackening remains of a March snowfall, the limp grass showed like patches of spinach.

"I suppose you're here on scholarship?" Norris asked.

"Yeah, all the freshman players are for the time being."

"I was a scholarship student myself once. I never would have gotten to college otherwise."

"Is that right?" said Dan politely, refusing to be drawn out. It would sound like a sob story to explain that he was the second of five children, that the old man had flown the coop during the war, that his mother had to sling hash in a downtown beanery. He was asking no special breaks from anyone.

"That's one advantage of our American system," Norris went on. "There's no real limit to how far you can go if you've got the right stuff."

"You mean the green, folding stuff?" Norris smiled. "You know what I mean."

"I guess I do," said Dan, puzzled that Norris should seem so unaware of his own lowly financial status. He was reminded of something he had heard last night at the corner tavern, where, to the accompaniment of a juke box, pin ball machines, shuffleboard, and

television, he had been enjoying a quiet chat with his high school chum, Fred Collins. A lathe operator now, Fred had just made the down payment on an engagement ring.

"Yeah, and how long do ya think Nancy'll wait for you?" was his parting shot. "Wise up, Dan! School is for kids. With a good union, you could be makin' more right now than any of them professors will ever see."

Dan was still pondering this undeniable truth when Norris led him up to the second floor of a modest brick apartment house.

The living room gave him a vivid impression of color—flowered drapes, a blue bowl of daffodils, bright prints of paintings he vaguely recognized as modern, and everywhere, on every available table and shelf, the gay jackets or rich bindings of books. Their titles were even stranger to him than those on the record albums. The phonograph looked fairly new, but the radio, like the other furniture, was definitely prewar. Stranger still to Dan, it was silent. Several pictures of a little boy reminded him of his own young brothers, only they stopped when the kid was about ten.

But at the moment he was most impressed by the tall woman who came striding to the door. High cheekbones and black hair worn in a coronet braid gave her a faintly Indian look, but when her tanned face creased in a smile, Dan was sure he would like her. More important, that she already liked him.

"Hello, Dan," she said. "Henry, take his coat. Could you go for a bite to eat?"

"Thanks, I always can." Dan followed her across the room to the sofa, where she settled behind a well-laden coffee table.

"I feel as if I know you from watch-

ing you play," she explained, filling three cups from a china teapot. "Help yourself to the muffins."

"Thank you." Dan complied, relaxing against the arm of the sofa. "I didn't think anyone bothered with the freshman games."

"Bill Hubbard's wife's a friend of mine. I sometimes go with them while Henry's busy."

"These are good." Dan smiled, between bites of muffin. "Yours?"

"No, the bakery's. I can't bake worth a darn. But I can't be good at everything. I can still beat Henry at any game you can name, can't I, dear?"

"You needn't rub it in." Norris sat back, apparently content to let his wife lead the conversation.

"And, as a Monday morning expert," she went on, "I'd say you didn't look good in some of those games, Dan."

"Aw, he didn't let me play half enough."

"I mean the ones you did play in. I got the idea all you were thinking about was how many baskets you'd make." Her smile softened the words. "But, of course, all you freshmen are so used to being stars in your own high schools."

"That's right," Dan admitted.

"I know one person who thinks you're the star, though," Mrs. Norris' brown eyes twinkled. "That pretty little redhead."

"Nancy?" Dan was pleased. "Yeah, she's hardly missed a game."

"With so few people there, it's easy to spot who's rooting for whom. No more tea?" She put a quilted cozy over the teapot. "Well, you can help yourself. That look in Henry's eye means he wants to talk shop. I hope I'll see you again, Dan."

"I hope so, Mrs. Norris." Dan

scrambled awkwardly to his feet, then sat down as she left. "Well, Prof, what's on your mind?"

Norris' face had changed. "Something most unpleasant, I'm afraid. I know where you got that term paper."

A last bite of muffin almost stuck in Dan's throat. He swallowed with difficulty before he could speak. "You do?"

"I liked it much better when Ted Lovell first wrote it. Did he know what you intended to do with it?"

"Not exactly." Dan was very busy putting down his teacup. "I happened to say how this paper was due, and he said he once did one on Coleridge, so I said maybe it'd give me some idea . . ."

"Some idea, indeed! And you thought nothing of passing the course on someone else's work?"

Dan shifted uncomfortably. "I didn't see it that way, Prof."

"But the training in research and organizing material—I thought I made it clear that was one of our main objectives."

"I guess you did, Prof, but you don't know how it is to be on a team. Practice every day, games a couple of nights a week. . . ."

"Ted was on the freshman team when he wrote that paper. Of course, he was older. I'm afraid the veterans have spoiled us for these high school tricks."

"Is it that bad?"

"My dear boy, you heard me announce time and again that it would count far more than the tests. You realize what this will do to your mid-term mark?"

For the first time the full implications sank in. This mere technical foul could actually keep him from playing basketball!

"I suppose it's too late to do anything?"

"Marks close next Wednesday. I hardly think you could have an adequate paper written by then, do you?"

"Hell, no," Dan muttered, his thoughts still in a dark whirl.

"I'm sorry, Dan. I'm really sorry you had to bring this on yourself. If it were mere stupidity, but this was a clever attempt to get credit for a good piece of work."

"I guess it just didn't seem that important."

"Exactly. Well, fortunately, Staunton is still small enough so that sports revolve around the college, not vice versa."

"Yeah? Well, in a way I'm glad this happened." Dan almost believed his own words. "I was just about fed up, anyway."

"Were you? And my wife had such hopes for you."

"I guess she just had me wrong." Dan stood up to leave.



*Impatiently he shifted his long legs*

"I suppose I can still wish you good luck in the game tonight?" Norris seemed willing to leave an opening of some kind.

"Thanks!" Dan gave a short laugh. "A lot of difference it'll make now."

Words like "school spirit" and "sportsmanship" had always made his lip curl. He played for the fun or the glory or the tuition, yet he was obscurely ashamed that he had made this obvious to Norris.

As he walked slowly back across the campus, the clock in the tower of Staunton Hall was striking four. In his neighborhood four o'clock meant the change of shift at the steel plant. Here hatless youths, books in hand, strolled in after-class leisure. Exchanging a wave with Ted Lovell, who stood chatting with Stuart Keyes, Dan wondered whether there were more to Ted's popularity than basketball.

When the bus pulled away, his gaze lingered on the commonplace brick buildings of Staunton. Thinking back over his glimpse into that curious world where books meant more than basketball and money less than enjoyment, he began to see some connection, to reach some dim sense of where all those endless, pointless classes might have been leading. Oh, well, he told himself, once back among his own kind he would be all straightened out again.

But, when at dinner he started to explain where he had been, his mother was so pleased at this evidence of a professor's regard that he could not go on. He would finish out next week, he decided, and tell her then. It would be easy enough to let everyone else think that he had stayed in school this long only for the fun of making the varsity and was now needed more at home.

"Say, why don't we all go somewhere after the game and celebrate?" Stuart Keyes suggested, tucking his numbered jersey into his green silk uniform shorts.

"How do we know we'll have anything to celebrate?" said Dan. Though he took his part in dressing room banter, he had always regarded it as so much phony backslapping to cover up the actual cut-throat competition.

"Oh, you'll probably make it," said Keyes easily.

"Your folks'll send you back, anyway, won't they?"

"Sure, but I want to show them I can pay my own way."

"Sucker!" thought Dan, but the thought was checked by the growing conviction that he himself had been the worst sucker of all.

"I've got the car tonight," Keyes went on. "I thought on account of our last game and everything."

"Thanks, I'll have to see what my

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girl friend wants to do," Dan answered.

Dan had sometimes dreamed of his last college game as a historic occasion—a special trophy, speeches, thousands cheering, news cameras flashing. But Keys or someone like him would be the Ted Lovell of tomorrow, long after Staunton had forgotten a dropped freshman named Nolan.

To all appearances, this was just another Friday night game. The vast old armory housed several courts, but, since most of the teams were unknown amateurs of the municipal leagues, players usually outnumbered spectators. Dan made no attempt to locate Nancy in the few rows of shadowed seats under the balcony; he would see her soon enough.

Usually he was irked at being left on the bench for a single minute, but tonight he almost wished he were not in the starting line-up. Why knock himself out now? The smart thing would be to muffle a few shots, get taken out, and let it go at that. Yet once the referee's whistle blew and he found himself facing the opposing guard, an instinct deeper than any rationalization

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• Man wants but little here below,  
but he usually gets along on less.

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took over—deeper even than the mere automatic wish to win. Though he could no longer think of himself as a coming varsity star, he could not forget what the game still meant to the others.

In some games, as he watched his chance to move in for a spectacular basket, the clock seemed to stand still, but tonight the minutes flashed by, in a blur of waving arms and pounding feet, piercing whistles and warning shouts. When one of his teammates signaled for the ball, he passed it instantly instead of dribbling it into a position for one of his sensational hook shots. In the breathing spells while someone attempted a foul shot, he wondered why he was doing all this. Still, he had to show every one, most of all himself, that he was not really the self-centered high school hero he must have seemed.

When the other team called time out near the end of the first half, he had the satisfaction of a "Nice goin', Dan!" from Keyes. Even the freshman coach, usually ready with caustic comments between halves, remarked, "Nolan, you never played such a good defensive game all season." Dan gulped a paper

cup of water without giving any reply.

In the second half again he concentrated on guarding his man, avoiding personal fouls, and passing the ball so that the others could make the baskets. Time after time he saw the limp, bottomless net convulse, then flip upward as the ball dropped through, shot by someone else.

This would be his first and last taste of that kind of teamwork, he thought. And all through his own stupid fault! The evenings he had wasted in bars, griping about college, when he could have been working on that damned term paper! Wednesday was too close even to attempt asking for another chance.

Alternate baskets kept the mounting score tied until Dan's opponent, apparently unnerved, elbowed Keyes, who made two successful foul shots, a narrow margin maintained until the final whistle. The coach's hearty pat on the back and knowing smile told Dan that his own part had not gone unnoticed.

He was glad none of the others knew the truth. No hint of parting dampened the exuberant horseplay in the dressing room. He showered and dressed as quickly as he could and slipped out while the rest were still discussing plans.

Upstairs in the lobby Nancy was waiting, a little apart from the other girls and parents, with such a radiant smile on her pert, freckled face that Dan wondered how he could ever break the news.

"You played a supersonic game, Dan!" she greeted him. "You're sure to make the varsity now, aren't you?"

"I guess so," said Dan.

"Come, come, let's not turn modest! I could see Bill Hubbard had his eye on you all the way through. And, oh, yes, that woman who always sits with the Hubbards, one of your professors' wives. . . ."

"Mrs. Norris? Was she here?"

"She gave me a message for you. She said you'd know what it meant."

"Yeah?" Dan tried to keep the anxiety out of his voice.

"She said . . ." Nancy tried to recall the exact words. "After watching you play tonight, she was sure her husband could give you a two-week extension on that term paper. What did she mean?"

"It's kind of hard to explain," said Dan.

"Anyway, she said she knows now all you need is a couple of weeks to knock off a super term paper. Isn't that funny?"

"You don't know how funny!" Dan's face relaxed in a grin. "But, say, Glamour Puss, how'd you like to go out stepping tonight with Stu Keyes and some of the gang?"



Starting a new year and ending a dismal Christmastide  
are millions of Christians who must helplessly  
watch the slaying of Christ in their children's hearts

# They are destroying the CHILDREN

by R. H. MARKHAM



*A Bulgarian youth brigade marching to work on the Pernik-Sofia RR*

**S**TARK and terrible in the midst of the Christmas story, as told by Saint Matthew, are the words, "Then Herod . . . slew all the children." He did this, the Bible says, because he wanted to destroy Christ.

That Herod has gone, but new Herods have come. They rule a large part of the world. They hold a myriad of homes under their sway and are killing the souls of children in a vain effort to destroy Christ.

Most people in the Americas and Western Europe have felt the glow of Christmas kindness, of care for children, of friendliness for one another, and of faith in God. They have experienced the power of a new hope. But in the whole of Eastern Europe, Christmas memories have tended to intensify the blackness of despair.

More than twenty million families live under such regimes in Eastern Europe. Not fewer than fifty million little children and youth in that part of the world have been brought under

almost unconditional Communist control. It is they whom the modern Herods are destroying.

Let us visit one of these families. We shall gently knock at the door and sit down to talk with the mother. We shall speak very humbly and in the spirit of Christ, because her heart is heavy and fear hangs over the home. Rifle-carrying militiamen move up and down her street, and each day her radio blares out threats of new horrors.

For our visit we might choose a home in any part of Eastern Europe, and the scene in all cases would be almost the same, but I would like to take you to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, because I have been there oftener.

We might have gone to beautiful, mountainous Slovenia, where most homes are Catholic, where there used to be shrines along every road, and where Christian clergy helped develop one of the finest co-operative systems and the highest degree of literacy in Central Europe. Or we might have gone

to the plains of Rumania, whose winter snows, settling upon five thousand little village churches, seem to try to hide the shame of the Rumanian Eastern Orthodox hierarchy, which has eagerly delivered its flock into the hands of foreign atheists. Or we might go to the prairies of Hungary, where a Calvinist church with a rooster on the steeple looks across the street of many a town at a Catholic church crowned with a cross, and where all church bells mingle in sad protests at the spiritual devastation which Bolshevik Herods are daily wreaking upon the children of the nation.

But we can't go to all those places now, and besides, when we hear the story of a mother in Sofia, we shall know the story of twenty million other mothers in Eastern Europe. So let us enter the home of Mrs. Raina Karagheozova. Her strange name literally means a clown's woman and may have been given to some jovial ancestor of her husband. In any case, Mrs. Kar-

agheozova is in no way different from her neighbor, Mrs. Fournadjieva (the baker's wife) or her other neighbor, Mrs. Shapkarova (the hat maker's wife).

Her husband is an expert printer with a little shop of his own—that is, he used to have a shop of his own. The husband's older brother, Vasil, ran a bicycle repair shop and did well at it. He was known as a man of some initiative and considerable spunk; he had read a good deal, pondered world problems, deplored the poverty of the Bulgarians, brooded on the frequent wars; and for years he had told his neighbors that world Communism was the only solution. He said it was based on "pure science," eliminated "religious superstition" (he liked big, foreign-sounding words like "eliminated"), and would end "exploitation of man by man." Bai (Uncle) Vasil was sincere about it all.

We find that Mrs. Karagheozova's home is an adequately equipped, small apartment in a four-story, co-operative building built in 1933. Each apartment is owned by its occupant. It was not bombed during the war and still looks fairly new. It has a bathroom and is equipped with electricity, but the current is off during a part of each day because "the Government hasn't enough juice." The apartment, with three rooms and a kitchen, is sufficient for the Karagheozova and their three children, but the Government put a Communist man and woman in its best room, so things are pretty crowded, yet not as crowded as in many other Sofia homes.

The building is situated about three-quarters of a mile from the business center of Sofia on a very long street that appears to run half way to the next town. When Mr. and Mrs. Karagheozova moved there, it was called Pirotka Oulitsa, to remind Bulgarians of a city in Serbia (Yugoslavia) which Bulgaria coveted. In 1945, the City Council renamed the street "Marshal Tito" Oulitsa, and passed a resolution saying "the name Pirotka is a relic of reactionary nationalism." After Tito was put in the doghouse in 1948, the "Marshal Tito" street signs were torn down at considerable expense and "Pirotka" signs put up again. The City Council passed a resolution condemning Tito as "the tool of American imperialism."

If Mrs. Karagheozova weren't afraid to talk, she'd say, "This renaming of our street was easy; but think of the young mamas who had named their baby boys Tito. They had to go to the city registry in 1948 and give them new names!"

All Mrs. Karagheozova's children had been born before "the liberation of

1944," when the Red Army occupied Sofia. Her smallest child is now eight and was christened Nadezhda, which means Hope and is a common name for Bulgarian girls. A fifteen-year-old sister is Marika, and a twelve-year-old brother is Dimiter, Mitko for short.

Mrs. Karagheozova feels that she has lost all of her children because they have been taken over by the Party. In fact, everything has been taken by the Party. She frankly tells us her home is ruined. And she cries as she says it. You might be surprised at her weeping. She is "just a Balkan" woman, rather plain and stolid in appearance, with black hair and dark brown eyes. She uses no cosmetics and never had a permanent. Her badly worn dress is neat; her home, in spite of a complete lack of soap, is clean.

Mrs. Karagheozova's memories are rather somber, since the stories her grandmothers told her dealt with "Turkish times, when the Bulgarians had no rights, no roads, no cities, no schools." Also Mrs. Karagheozova was raised in a village where work was hard, surroundings crude, and most of the many folk songs sad. Besides, Raina Karagheozova has lived through four wars and several internal upheavals.

We might think all this would make her hard and resigned and unemotional, but it hasn't. She seems to dote on her children even more than most American mothers do, perhaps because that is almost all she has to dote on, and also because Bulgarian family ties have been exceedingly strong. They constituted the supreme loyalty.



Girls too work on constructing the railroad to the Pernik mines

During our visit, none of the children are at home. Eight-year-old Nadezhda is out practicing with the "Little Septemberers." "What a strange name!" we comment.

"On September 9, 1944, the Communists seized power," Mrs. Karagheozova explains. "They've made that the greatest day in Bulgarian history. They're organizing all the children from six years up, 800,000 of them, and call them Septemvreecheta (Little Septemberers). They require us to provide special uniforms for Nadie (Nadezhda) and make her appear for training, drilling, marching during most of her free time."

At the day of our visit, Mitko is off with the "Young Fighters" as part of a work brigade on a week-end project. He went in a truck belonging to the State Railroads, but used by the Party.

Marika is at a work camp in the mountains about one hundred miles north of Sofia where boy and girl "volunteers" are digging out a new road.

"And here I am alone!" sighs Mrs. Karagheozova. "But I'm never really alone," she adds. "I'm surrounded by sorrows and fears. And pushed about by Party commands."

Uncle Vasil, the most distinguished "old-line Communist" in the neighborhood, has long been in a "slave camp" in the distant Pirin Mountains. He was arrested early one morning and taken away because he criticized the Party bosses for living in luxury. Vasil had really believed Communism was going to make all people equal.

Little Nadie, because of her friendship with Stefchie, who lives a few blocks away, often went to the Baptist Sunday School, even though her mother was Eastern Orthodox. She liked the songs and picture cards and lessons and thought the Baptist pastor was "a fine man." But the pastor was put in a slave camp at Pernik coal mine, about twenty-five miles from Sofia. He was one of the fifteen Protestant pastors tried in February 1949.

Papa Karagheozova himself has lost his printing shop. It was taken over by the Party, and a young Communist typesetter was made chief. But Karagheozova was allowed to keep on working there as a foreman. They print Party pamphlets and papers. He belongs to the State Union under labor boss Damianov, has to go to many Communist meetings, marches on every holiday, is daily urged to force his men to work harder, and every week is obliged to devote up to eight hours extra work to poor Greek children, or the Spanish underground, or the Dimitrov memorial, or the Chinese revolution.

Mrs. Karagheozova also spends much time away from home. Though "a favored member of society" as a worker's wife, she barely manages to get enough for her family to eat, and all are short of clothing. She rises early every morning and has to stand in line for hours in order to buy potatoes or cabbages or carrots and a little fruit from state stores—there are no others. Meat and cheese are very rare, lard almost completely lacking. Sugar is plentiful for a change, but who has anything to put sugar in?

Besides this exhausting task every day, she has to go to meetings of "The Anti-Fascist Women's League" to receive indoctrination by the hour, to parade on every holiday or special occasion and shout "Down with Imperialistic America."

Her home is always cold because of a lack of coal, her children are thin from undernourishment, the family has no decent overcoats or winter underclothes. But that is not the worst. "The worst is that my family is stolen from me," she says. "I am robbed of my children. We are all helpless in a vast prison, despising ourselves, losing faith in the human race."

At the beginning of November 1949, as in every November, the whole family paraded and shouted in honor of the anniversary of the Russian Bolshevik Revolution. Nadie went with her Septemvrecheta, Mitko with his Young Fighters, Marika with her Work Brigade, father with his Printer's Union, mother with her anti-Fascist Women. They left home early along different routes to gather at different meeting places. They marched in different units, but as they passed the gaily decorated reviewing stand, occupied by Communist big shots and Russian guests, they all raised their fists and shouted the same slogans—the same huzzahs and the same curses—exactly as they had been taught that week.

Two years ago they had cried "Stalin—Ti-to—Di-mi-trov"; this year they cursed Tito as a capitalist agent and knave. Last year they had yelled, as instructed—"Long Live Kostov—Kostov—Ko-stov!" This year, as instructed, they cried "Hang the Traitor Ko-stov, Traitor Ko-stov!" They hated and loved, cursed and praised as Communist bosses prescribed.

Is it surprising that Mrs. Karagheozova thinks her home is ruined and that she shudders at "the moral degradation of her children"? She doesn't mean by that sexual debasement, although there is plenty of that, but the complete destruction of moral standards, the suppression of religious truths and practices.

**R. J. MARKHAM** has spent most of the time since 1912 in the Balkans as educator, journalist, and representative of the U. S. Government. His latest book was "Rumania Under the Soviet Yoke."

"The children have nothing to live by," she says. "Nothing to live for, nothing to believe in." Every Sunday school is prohibited; every organization for religious training of youth is outlawed. All private schools are closed. The Orthodox Church has been reduced to the status of an agent of the Communist Party, the little Protestant Church is destroyed, true Catholic activity suppressed.

All children are taught that morality is determined by the Communist Party. What the top Communist boss calls right is right; what he calls wrong is wrong. It differs from week to week. And there is no other standard.

That sounds like a calumny, and we may tell Mrs. Karagheozova we can't believe it. So, she shows us the manuals and textbooks given to her children. In them we read Lenin saying, "Of course we do not believe in God. We repudiate all morality outside of class concepts. For us morality is subordinated to the interests of the class struggle; it is deduced from the class struggle. Any other morality is a fraud. For us morality is what destroys the old society."

On and on it goes. That is morality as taught to Mrs. Karagheozova's children, from little Nadie up. It is taught to all Bulgarian children. And they can learn no other. If Mama and Papa



#### Still the Same

► One of my patients is a hard-working man who slaves at a desk year in and year out, a typical worrier who has to be forced to rest occasionally. Last winter I insisted that he go South for a month.

Upon his return he dropped in for a checkup. He was thoroughly rested and bronzed from head to toe. I commented on his handsome sunburn.

"I suppose it looks fine," he retorted, "but think how pale I am underneath."

—Dr. Jerome Brown, in "Quote"

Karagheozova should try to teach anything else, they would lose their jobs, their food cards, their apartment, and be sent to slave camps as idlers. They don't want their fifteen-year-old daughter Marika to dig ditches in work gangs and live in camps with boys one hundred miles from home, but what can they do?

And this manual on morality comes not from Lenin only, through the haze of thirty years; it is new as a fire that might burn your own house down. It is as new as Tito and Rakosi and Ana Pauker and Stalin. School books of 1950 throughout the whole Communist world deride religion and basic morality. In June 1947, the organ of Soviet Komsomols (Youth), published in Moscow, wrote "Antireligious propaganda forms an integral part of Communist education. . . . Komsomols must be convinced atheists. . . ."

In April 1949, a Soviet pedagogical periodical, *Narodnoye Obrazovaniye*, wrote that a basic task of Communist education is "to overcome survivals of religiosity by showing the complete irreconcilability between science and religion." And it called religion "a fantastic, distorted, harmful reflection of the world in the consciousness of the people." Parents are to be told not to "maim their children morally" by teaching them religion, the book said.

Another Bolshevik publication (*Zarya Vostoka*) wrote in 1949 that "not even the smallest manifestation of religionism is to be tolerated among Communists." "It is impossible for a Communist Youth (Komsomol) to believe in God," wrote the Moscow *Komsomolskaya Pravda* in October 1947.

Such is the awful cloud of spiritual annihilation that lay deep on Eastern Europe during the Christmas season. A myriad of mothers wept for their children who have been snatched away. Laws and decrees, militiamen and secret police, nurseries and schools, papers, radios, and books, summer camps and work brigades, action committees and secrecy boards have drawn all the children into their red columns and are leading them as blinded automata over a ferociously guarded road to destruction. Tramp, tramp, tramp moves this throng behind their implacable Pied Pipers. As we Americans joyfully celebrated the birth of the Christ Child here, Herods throughout a large part of the world were slaying "all the children."

We American parents and grandparents who gather our little ones into our arms with love and joy, must consecrate ourselves anew each night to the task of stopping the sway of the modern Herods.





● The old adage, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," may be true, but, unless more women take an active interest in legislation and our government, they may not even rule their homes.

Mrs. William Pittinger, Jr., of Cleveland is showing the way for all women. Though a mother of five small children, she organized the Day on Legislation for the Cleveland Diocesan Council of the National Council of Catholic Women. At this meeting attended by civic and ecclesiastical leaders, all the important current legislation was discussed.

"Mrs. Pittinger," as Senator Margaret A. Mahoney said, "gives the lie to those women who will use the excuse of children and their domestic duties for their lack of interest in legislation and government. She was busy planning this institute for weeks, and with telephone in one hand and the baby's bottle in the other she managed well." Mrs. Pittinger worked on the conviction that children are precisely the reason why a woman should be interested in legislation of the day.

## People

● While the young mother above discussed the interest that women should have in their government and legislation, the gentleman featured here can speak from experience on what they have done in the administration of justice. He is James McGurkin, Commissioner of Jurors in New York. He says of women on juries: "For ten years now they have served on juries, and they have an excellent record for intelligence and the innate sense of justice that is needed."

Though selecting juries is not the most popular position in government, Mr. McGurkin has won the admiration and esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. As one newspaper writer said of him, "if there were a subtitle to Commissioner of Jurors, it would be for him the gentleman of the jury."

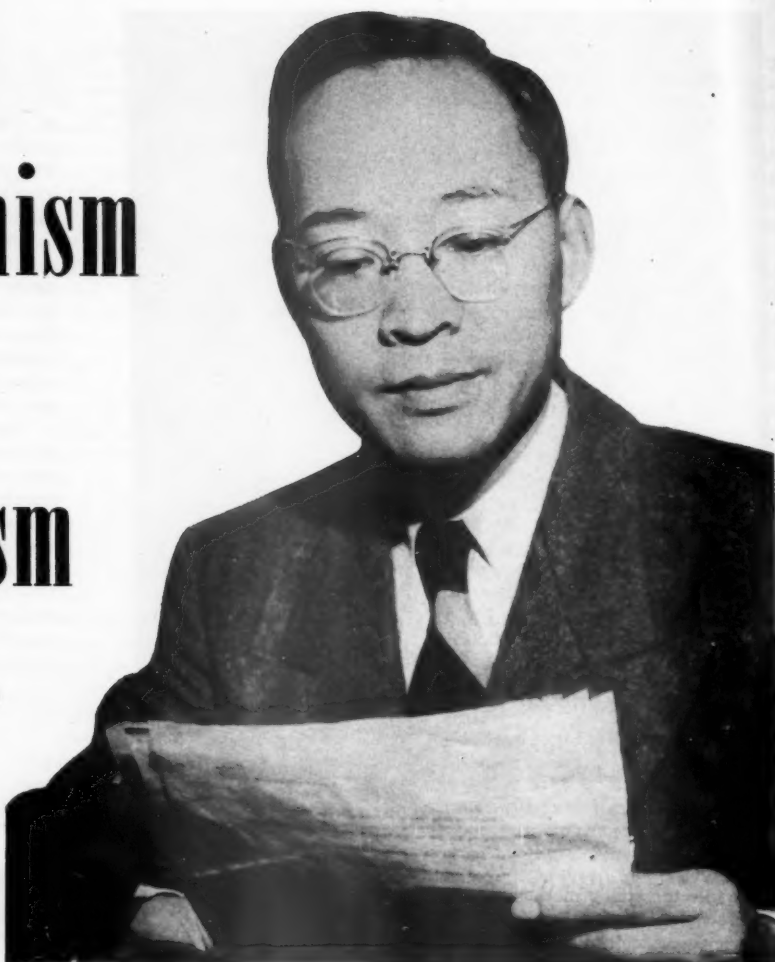
Mr. McGurkin is equally well known and liked as president of the American Irish Historical Society. A scholar of wide erudition, he made a great contribution to Irish-American literature by his book on the famous Irishman and American patriot, William Bourke Cockran. Mr. McGurkin as a boy became an ardent admirer of Cockran and, like his hero, has become well known for his eloquence and grace of manner, for his deep devotion to his faith and his country. As Bob Davis said of him, he is "a man who makes you feel the world is full of sunshine and it's good to be alive."



# From Confucianism to Catholicism

One of China's UN delegates  
traces his spiritual  
journey from paganism  
to the Fold of Christ

by **PAUL SIH**



*Dr. Sih reports on the Balkans via UN radio*

*(Editor's Note: Dr. Paul K. T. Sih, his wife, and their youngest son were baptized in Rome on April 5, 1949. On the 21st of April they were confirmed by Archbishop Celso Costantini, the first Apostolic Delegate to China.*

*During his outstanding career as a diplomat, Dr. Sih has served as China's Minister to Italy and as a delegate to the United Nations. He was appointed to the UN Commission of Investigation on Greece and named Chief of the Chinese delegation to the UN Special Committee on the Balkans.)*

**"Y**OU are young and have a longer future than I; you go out the window first. Don't worry about me," said my fellow countryman, Ambassador Wunsz King.

"No, you should jump first," I protested, "because you are older than I. I think I can resist longer, so I should come after."

We were flying from Athens to Salonika. The date was February 22,

1947. I was serving on the United Nations Commission of Investigation on Greece.

Although the morning seemed nearly perfect for flying when the plane took off, we ran into bad weather after forty minutes. We were told that the plane could not land at Salonika but had to return to Athens. On the trip back, the clouds became so thick and the wind so violent that the plane went off its course. To add to our difficulties, the radio went out of order and no SOS could be dispatched.

The pilot told us he was running short of fuel. He warned that the circumstances called for an eventual landing in the sea, with only one or two minutes before the plane would sink. He said to watch him for a signal. If he should point his thumb downward it would mean that the plane was going to dive into the water.

Altogether, there were twenty-two on board. Next to me sat Ambassador King. We were reading the Chinese

version of the Psalms. So engrossed were we in the book that we did not realize the seriousness of the situation, which meant life or death, until assigned to the same window in case the signal came to jump. After the courteous exchange about who should jump first, we continued reading. The Psalm happened to be the forty-fifth:

"God is a refuge and a strength unto us; He has greatly shown Himself a help in times of trouble.

"Therefore we fear not, while the earth is overthrown and the mountains fall into the midst of the sea.

"Let its water rage and foam, let the mountains be shaken by its might.

"The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is a stronghold unto us." (New English Catholic Version).

I prayed fervently that the landing need not occur. I remembered my dream of the night before, which I had told Ambassador Wenz and our friends in the tearoom of the Hessani Airport before the flight. I had dreamt of

traveling by air with a group of colleagues, including the Ambassador. On the trip we made a forced landing, but no one was hurt. After the accident, the passengers took a bus back to their starting place.

When I related the dream, my friends took little notice of it. The flight to Salonika was short; the weather was fine; no one thought of anything as unpleasant as a forced landing.

But the dream had greatly impressed me. I firmly believed that Our Lord made use of it to show that He would be with me and that I had nothing to fear in the forthcoming trial.

After a few more minutes of flying, the pilot appeared with his thumb upward indicating that we were saved! We then made a forced landing on a high piece of land. No one was hurt. As the plane came down we heard a tremendous noise like the beating of drums, a sign that the fuel tank was completely empty.

When the plane touched ground, it jumped like a galloping horse. All of us would have been thrown out through the top of the plane had there been an opening. Afterward the pilot told us that another two hundred yards of flying would have ended in catastrophe.

The pilot also said that he had been ready to turn off the switch and dive into the water when suddenly he changed his mind. He thought if he made a last effort to go through the cloud ahead of him he might find high land. This he did and our lives were spared. We took a bus back to Athens.

Of course I cannot prove that the last minute decision by the pilot, which saved twenty-two lives, was due to our devoted reading and profound appreciation of the Psalms and my personal prayer. However, I am convinced that a miracle saved us, and my dream was the sure indication of Divine protection.

That is but one example of providential guidance I encountered in my long journey from Confucianism to Catholicism. Although Confucianism cannot genuinely be called a religion, it exercises a great influence upon one's way of thinking and living. The core of Confucius' teaching is self-discipline and self-perfection, but he persistently declined to discuss spiritual problems. Although I felt the need of an ideal life, I failed to find spiritual guidance in Confucianism.

THE second stage of my approach to Christianity began when I encountered Moral Re-Armament, initiated by Dr. Frank Buchman. I liked its way of putting the spirit—Change, Unite, Fight,

into practice by means of meditating and seeking providential guidance.

In my opinion Moral Re-Armament is a moral road to a new life and one of the effective approaches to Christianity, but the movement itself is not a religion at all. I became convinced that the cornerstone of Moral Re-Armament should be personal faith in religion. This conviction led me to the entrance of the Church.

I did not have any idea of Catholicism until about fifteen years ago, when I met the late General Tsiang Pai-li, one of the foremost strategists of China. Although not a Catholic himself, he preached Catholicism enthusiastically. From him I learned a great deal about Catholic teaching, especially the contribution of Catholic missions to the welfare of the Chinese people as a whole.

Through his remarkable book, *The Renaissance of European Civilization*, he became one of the foremost historians of our times. He attributed the strength of Europe, not to her armaments or her science, but to the Catholic religion. He often deplored the long quarrel over rites which, by its spate of inept and sterile passions and arguments, had destroyed the magnificent work undertaken with great vision by the missionaries of those days.

Several books made a great impression on me during this period. My earnest desire to embrace Catholicism

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• Prayer is the music of the march of life.

—REV. J. M. LELEN

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was first nourished by a little book, *The Science of Love*, written by Dr. John C. H. Wu, China's former Minister to Vatican City. In it I found the true conception of the One Church and the great spiritual force of love, the fundamental aspect of Christianity.

Too, I came to admire the author's passionate devotion to Saint Thérèse of Lisieux and his extraordinary sense of gratitude for the mercy of God and the charity and compassion of the Blessed Mother. This blessed influence later suggested to me the necessity for further studies of the heavenly love and ineffable virtues of the Little Flower, whose intercessory power also made me redouble my love for our Mother, the Blessed Virgin.

The whole life of the Little Flower may be called "a smile of Mary." The more I studied it, the more it fascinated me and the more I was united in love with the Church. This beneficial, tonic effect on the soul, enlivened by such intense love and enlightened by such

magnificent inspiration, made me a Catholic! This fascinating force is so obvious that I wonder how Protestantism could have ignored altogether the affectionate devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Dr. Wu also gave me a copy of the Chinese version of the Psalms, which he translated and President Chiang Kai-shek had edited. It was this book which I was reading on the flight between Athens and Salonika that ended with a forced landing.

ANOTHER book, Lawrence Scupoli's *The Spiritual Combat*, taught me how to conduct spiritual warfare through the proper practice of devoted prayer. It has since been my habit to pray for providential assistance when faced with difficult situations. There are innumerable instances of how prayer has helped me in public life.

I served as Chief Delegate of the Chinese Delegation to the United Nations Special Committee on the Balkans from November, 1947 to March, 1949. Nine countries were represented on the committee, and two seats were kept open for Soviet Russia and Poland. Committee opinion on many issues was equally divided, which invariably placed me in the position of casting the decisive vote.

One morning in February of 1948, a public meeting was scheduled to debate the interpretation of the Committee's mandate. Some officials predicted that the debate would end in a split and expose to the world the weakness of the United Nations as an effective organ to promote international co-operation and world peace.

I realized the difficulties early that morning and prayed earnestly for strength and for a method of compromise to save the situation. After praying, I went to an office where four delegations were discussing their common front of debate. I urged them to give me the chance to submit a plan before the debate opened.

Then I visited the other group of four delegations, who were also preparing for the debate. I made the same appeal, and they promised to consider the plan.

When the meeting opened, I moved an amendment to the agenda to the effect that general debate on the mandate should be avoided. This was accepted. Then I made a strong appeal for conciliation and introduced a compromise measure. It was approved unanimously. Both sides thus came to terms, and after that the committee worked smoothly.

It is hardly credible that my personal intervention could have exercised such



## Returning good for evil

by EILEEN EGAN

Perhaps one of the most incredible instances of love in a Europe gutted by hatred is that of a young woman doctor in Paris. As she is my most dear friend, I shall only call her Janka. As a young Polish Jewess studying in France, she became a Catholic. During the reign of the Gestapo, she and her young husband and little child escaped to North Africa. She was cut off from all news of her family in Poland until the end of the war. Then came the reports; her mother, a holy, gentle Jewish woman of Eastern Poland, had been burned, together with Janka's two sisters, in one of the crematoriums that pockmarked the face of an old continent. Her father, who had been sick in a hospital, was taken from his bed, carried into a courtyard, and shot dead. Her two brothers were shot in the streets of her native town when the German army reached there. One brother, the only remain-

ing member of a family totaling eight, had reached the safety of the United States.

Janka hopes that the way of the Cross trod by six members of her family may have brought them to God's house, like the guests who were sought out in the highways and the byways and compelled to eat of the supper of the Lord. "Beyond that," says Janka, "I have only one joy, that I am a child of God. And as a child of God I cannot hate anyone nor wish them vengeance or similar suffering. As a child of God, I must love all the children of my Father."

Janka's life in present-day France is not without its material difficulties. To those of us who know her, she is a reminder that we Gentiles are, after all, only the wild engrafted olive branch. The cultivated olive tree which once turned away from Christ may still find its strength in Him.

great influence on my colleagues. I can only believe that the supernatural power of prayer is the explanation.

Another time, in April of 1948, a new delegate was scheduled to preside over a public meeting in Salonika, Greece. The man, an outstanding diplomat with ambassadorial rank, had joined the committee to challenge its general policy. His public attack, if not well defended, would place the committee in an awkward position and harm its future. Many of the delegates feared the outcome of this meeting.

About an hour before the meeting, I prayed. Then I typed three pages of thoughts that had occurred during my prayer.

When the meeting opened, the outspoken chairman took full advantage of his position. He spoke unreservedly against the general opinion of the committee members. As soon as he finished, I took the floor. Without any change, I read my written statement which answered, point by point, the chairman's charges!

Following my speech, one delegate asked for the floor. While endorsing my argument, he complained of discrimination and protested against prior access to the chairman's speech. He thought that I had obtained a copy in advance to prepare a written reply.

The chairman immediately pointed out that he had not prepared any written speech beforehand. He said he had formulated his ideas only half an hour before the meeting.

Only since I became a Catholic have I begun to taste the ineffable happiness of shedding tears of joy, the infinite sweetness of reciting my family rosary, the feeling of complete emancipation after receiving Holy Communion, and the wondrous peace resulting from a devotional confession.

No words can express the sense of peace and joy I felt after my first general confession.

WHAT I would like to point out is that after my confession my heart was filled with happiness and I came out a changed being. I was free, as free as a bird in the air. I was pure, as pure as white snow. My wife wondered what had happened to me when she observed that I was so joyful that I could have jumped over the sky and gladly joined the "Dragon Lanterns Parade" in the moon! Of course this is no secret. It all came from my complete self-surrender before the Sacred Tribunal. In this connection it is well to remember St. Philip Neri's saying: "No penitent was ever lost by obedience, nor saved by disobedience."

I found confession to be both easy and difficult. It is easy because only a single, simple, straightforward effort is enough. It is difficult because it calls for a complete surrender of the soul and secrets of the heart, achieved only by genuine self-contempt and wholehearted confidence in the mercy of God.

As is written in Job: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare." I think the world's troubles today can be traced to the lack of spiritual healings of souls from the evil effects of sin. In the face of innumerable temptations and trials and disappointing daily realities I find, in this Sacrament of Penance, the indispensable medicine to regain perfect spiritual health. This divine remedy gives us conclusive proof of pardon and the maximum relief that is peace of mind.

IT is only logical for a man like myself, who has benefitted so much from his experience with God, who has seen the necessity and the beauty of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and who has found the earmarks of the true religion in the Holy Sacraments, to become a Catholic. But all this, in the last analysis, comes from the grace of God, without which my eyes would not have been opened to the true light.

One of the chief instruments God used in opening my eyes was my godfather, Dr. Wu, of whose great contribution to the Church the Catholics of China are deservedly proud. His unlimited benevolence and untiring efforts in leading me to embrace wholeheartedly the Church and the Blessed Virgin can never be forgotten in all my life. The same acknowledgment of indebtedness should be extended to Madame Wu, whose noble character and remarkable Catholic spirit has made the conversion of my beloved wife possible. But, as Dr. Wu has often told me: "In the conversion of a soul, the grace of God is all, whereas human instruments are just like matchmakers who, after the wedding ceremony, withdraw from the scene and leave the bridegroom and his bride to themselves." In order to live up to his expectations, I can do no more than put my heart and soul into what St. Francis de Sales has said in *The Devout Life*:

"To be perfect in our calling is nothing else than to fulfill the duties and offices which our condition and state of life oblige us to perform; and to accomplish them well, and only for the honor and love of God, referring them all to His glory. He who acts thus may be said to be perfect in his state of life, and a man according to the heart and will of God."

# St. Patrick's Parish

by DALE FRANCIS

## ALTAR SOCIETY

When Mrs. Newton was elected president  
Of the St. Theresa Altar Society,  
Mrs. Hasten said she would refuse  
To attend any more meetings.  
Father Michael talked to the women  
One day at their regular meeting.  
He said it seemed to him  
That an organization that was  
Too small for two little people  
Must be mighty crowded for God.

## MARY ALICE DURN

When Mary Alice Durn started  
Going to daily Mass,  
Everyone said, "Just watch.  
That girl's going to take  
The veil real soon now."  
Everyone was surprised when  
Mary Alice and Tommy Hendrix  
Had banns read one Sunday.  
Mary Alice still goes to Mass  
Each day and her two little boys  
Go to Mass with her.



## LUTHER FOX

Luther Fox hated the Catholic Church  
And he threw a brick one day  
Right through a stained glass window.  
Father Michael didn't get mad.  
He just went and talked with Luther.  
He found out Luther had been told lies  
About the Church and that Luther  
Didn't hate the Church but what  
He thought the Church was.  
Father Michael said that he didn't  
Blame Luther, for if the Catholic Church  
Was the way Luther thought it was  
Then it should be hated. Anyway,  
They got to talking and pretty soon  
Luther was coming to Mass.  
He was elected president last week  
When the Laymen's Association met.

## J. V. TRIPPLEHAM

J. V. Trippleham is the wealthiest  
Of all St. Patrick's parishioners.  
He doesn't like the Bishop  
Because the Bishop doesn't realize  
J. V. is an important man.  
He doesn't like Papal Encyclicals  
Because they are obviously false  
Since they disagree with J. V.  
Every night J. V. does God a favor.  
J. V. condescends to talk to God.  
You might say a prayer for J. V.  
No one in the parish needs it more.

## MATT THOMAS

Matt Thomas never made much money.  
He worked hard, raised a family,  
Was honest, gave to the poor.  
He had a home and a few dollars  
In the bank and nothing else.  
When he died the Church was crowded  
For the Requiem Mass  
Because Matt had many friends.  
One fellow said it was too bad  
That a man as smart as Matt was  
Didn't make more of himself  
And was so poor when he died.  
One of Matt's friends heard him  
And he said, "You'd be surprised.  
It happens Matt was one of  
The richest fellows in town."



## PATRICK O'BRIEN

Patrick O'Brien was born in Ireland  
And he still has an Irish brogue  
And a lot of Irish ways.  
There's a little rhyme he says  
To please the little folks  
Everytime it lightnings  
And someone asked him if he  
Really believed in little folks  
And he said, No, of course not,  
But I'd as soon keep  
On the right side of them.

## DAN DAGGON

Dan Daggon was a heavy drinker.  
Everyone said that it would  
Kill him if he kept it up.  
Now he is 80 years old  
And still drinking heavy  
And it looks as if maybe  
He'll live to be a hundred.  
Of course, Dan's wife Mary  
Has been dead nearly 40 years.  
Killed worrying over him,  
Friends of them both said.



## THE WATTS BOYS

Paul and Matthew Watts were about  
As different as brothers could be.  
Paul was gay and fun-loving  
While Matthew was solemn.  
Folks around town said Paul would  
Come to no good end but  
Everyone spoke well of Matthew.  
Matthew now runs a restaurant  
On the edge of town  
And he is still a faithful  
Member of St. Patrick's parish.  
He was kneeling in the first pew  
The day the Bishop came to town  
To ordain Paul a priest forever.

# Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER



Katharine Cornell with Henry Stephenson in a scene from her most recent stage production, "That Lady," by Kate O'Brien

## The New Plays

Admirers of actress Katharine Cornell and novelist Kate O'Brien will be less than ecstatic over the footlight result of their combined artistry. *THAT LADY*, a dramatization of Miss O'Brien's popular, *For One Sweet Grape*, is interesting, but never absorbing; highly dramatic, yet rarely moving.

It is not sufficient, as the drama critics have done, to place the sole blame for the play's lack of power and emotional vibrance on the O'Brien adaptation of her own novel. True, she does not exhibit a complete grasp of the stage technique. Her play is neither fluid nor fiery. It plods along when it should fly, and it grows garrulous when it should be terse. At times it sheds drama for the more garish garb of melodrama. These are all faults, and perhaps in the hands of a more experienced dramatist they might have been overcome.

But in all fairness, the Cornell performance is equally lackluster. Considering her stature, a glittering record of past achievement, and the slight demands made upon her by the script, the star's stage behavior leaves much to be desired. Her familiar mannerisms fail to bedazzle the audience into accepting her portrayal of the one-eyed Princess whose love affair with a Secretary of State created a scandal in the Spain of Philip II.

Despite all that Miss Cornell pours into the part, it is little more than a routine characterization. There are moments when she rises to affecting heights, but they are not sustained.

Her supporting players are equally at a loss to overcome the handicaps of overwriting and understaging. Henry Stephenson has some fine, but brief, scenes as a Cardinal struggling against the intrigues and politics of court life; Douglas Watson and Marian Seldes score as the children in the aforementioned scenes; Torin Thatcher handles the role

of the lover with assurance, and Henry Daniell strikes a ghoulish note as the maniacal monarch.

The playwright's generally sympathetic approach to the religious undertones of the story is one of the few bright spots in the production. She has quite deftly handled the torments of soul and continual twinges of conscience which plague the proud Princess who sought recompense for physical disfigurement in illicit romance.

Miss O'Brien is a novelist of distinction. It is unfortunate that she has been misled into believing that a good novel needs only stage directions and footlights to transform it into a good play. Guthrie McClintic, responsible for the staging, and Miss Cornell, who is both star and producer, must share equally in the failure of an ambitious venture.

*The Little Foxes*, Lillian Hellman's tirade against decadent Southern aristocracy, has acquired a Marc Blitzstein musical score, a new star in Jane Pickens, a lavish Cheryl Crawford production, and a personalized title—*REGINA*. The hybrid result is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. The melodramatic passages of the original Hellman play lose considerable punch in the process of going operatic, and the Blitzstein score is not important enough to make up for the lack of dramatic fire. Visually and aurally the performance is first rate, for Miss Pickens portrays the vicious "Regina" with unerring vocal and dramatic skill. The costumes and settings, the supporting cast and the staging all reflect care and superior craftsmanship. Furthermore, the production is clean enough to recommend to any adult. Yet, somewhere in the transition, the story has lost its pungency. In prose form it was exciting. As an experiment in wedding opera and the drama, it is merely an uneasy, ineffectual wedding of two art styles, each struggling for supremacy. The realism and trenchant prose of *The Little Foxes* suffers as a result.



The artistry of A. E. Matthews does more for the feather-weight English comedy, *YES M'LORD*, than anything its author contributes to the cause. The collapse of the aristocratic life in postwar Toryland is the thesis, with Matthews doing his best to raise the entire production to the level of his own performance. As a growling, crusty, amusing relic of the past who carries on in the old manner despite war, change, and the Labor Party, he is droll, witty, and the main reason for the play's existence. Dialogue, plotting, and characterization are all on the dull side, but the supporting efforts of George Curzon, Mary Hinton, and Elaine Stritch rate applause.

Only Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne could transform S. N. Behrman's *I KNOW MY LOVE* into a resounding theatrical hit. Their performances and magic personalities transform the hackneyed dramatics of a soap opera narrative into a sparkling bit of theater craft. Celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary as an acting team, the Lunts overcome the handicap of Behrman's familiar theatrics with a tandem performance that proves beyond any doubt their claim to acting eminence. From the opening scenes, when they are seen as a Back Bay couple celebrating a golden wedding to the final curtain after the audience has accompanied them on a Cook's Tour of their lives together, they are in memorable form. They are weaving a web of theatrical enchantment, overlooking the minor handicap imposed by the author of their pageant. In his treatment of the theme, Behrman has slipped into the quagmire of the modern approach to immortality and marriage, but his deviation from truth is lost in the brightness of the Lunt-Fontanne appearance. This is their play and for all the audience cares they might as well be reciting names from the *Manhattan Telephone Directory*.

*MONTSERRAT*, adapted by Lillian Hellman from the French play by Emmanuel Robles, is an angry, brutal melodrama verging on the sensational, yet never quite winning

its audience. Miss Hellman is a playwright who believes in giving her public strong doses of harrowing emotions. In this case she and M. Robles have set up a charade in which a cold-blooded, sadistic Spanish Army officer wantonly slaughters six innocent hostages in an attempt to find the hideout of Bolivar, arch enemy of the regime. Even in the Venezuela of 1812, such carnage seems implausible, particularly since the authors have given precious little attention to the spiritual attributes of the cause they glorify. Further, they have drained their Venezuelan padre not only of his stature as a man, but his integrity as a priest. In their writing (or is it only the Hellman translation?) he becomes a shallow symbol lacking the capacity for forthright action. Emlyn Williams stands out in the cast as a sardonic, cynical fanatic who would avenge his humiliation by Bolivar through the shedding of innocent blood. For unrelieved grimness and unrelenting horror, this is in a class by itself. Which does not earn for it a recommendation either as a theatrical piece or a discourse in political philosophy. On both counts it leaves much to be desired.

Mady Christians and Raymond Massey make the grim, tragic episodes of August Strindberg's *THE FATHER* seem even grimmer, more tragic, and malevolent than the Swedish author intended. That is a tribute to their abilities but does not make the current revival more palatable. A venomous, violent play with hatred, insanity, and bitterness vying for top attention, it needs far more than fine interpretation to overcome its basic faults. Strindberg's madness may have intrigued his contemporaries. Now it is merely an hysterical tirade with stage directions added.

Maxwell Anderson has fashioned an eloquent musical play from Alan Paton's novel, *Cry the Beloved Country*. *LOST IN THE STARS* is a throbbing, sentimental story about racial difficulties in South Africa. When a young Zulu lad, led astray by the blandishments of the city, murders a benefactor of his race during a robbery, the case serves as the meeting ground for his own distraught father and the father



Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in "*I Know My Love*"



Claudette Colbert and Mark Keuning are internees in "*Three Came Home*"

★

Franchot Tone in an exciting chase scene from "*The Man on the Eiffel Tower*"

of the victim. The story is slim, melancholy, and inconclusive, but the manner of its projection, the Kurt Weill score, and the effortless acting of its Negro players transform this into a memorable drama. Todd Duncan's characterization of the killer's minister father fully captures the simplicity and sincerity of the writing. Within its scope, this emotional tidal wave set to music is fine theater.

### **Barbed-Wire War**

Few flashbacks to the horror-filled days of the recent war have had the emotional impact and moving moments of **THREE CAME HOME**, an unromanticized adaptation of Agnes Newton Kieth's best seller. There are no bombardments, no shots, no beachhead landing involved in this uncompromising, factual account of life in the Japanese prison camps.

When war came on that December morning back in 1941, it was in the nature of a relief for the white residents of North Borneo who had been waiting its opening shot for almost two years. As the lone American in the district, Agnes Newton Kieth could have left months before Pearl Harbor, but she and their five-year-old son stayed with her husband, a British Colonial official. The arrival of the Japs split the Kieth family, for the men were herded into one camp, the women and children to another.

Life in a prison camp is not merely filled with physical dangers, it is morally and physically degrading. The day-to-day existence, the hopes, the fears, and the few hours of temporary relief from terror are graphically depicted in this tremendously powerful story. The close family bonds which the women cling to in desperation are strongly emphasized. Regrettably, there is an absence of any outstanding spiritual note to equal it.

Aside from its emotional salvo, this is in the nature of a personal triumph for its star, Claudette Colbert, who gives a performance which not only tops her previous best but will certainly be rated among the year's finest. To a characterization which might easily have descended into the maudlin or hysterical she brings dignity, understanding, and unsuspected depth. With fewer opportunities Patric Knowles is also magnificent as the husband who is powerless to help his family. Mark Keuning is delightful as their son, while Florence Desmond, as a fellow internee, and silent-screen star Sessue Hayakawa, in the role of a Japanese commander, make their scenes stand out.

*Three Came Home* pictures the unheadlined heroics of the internees in simple, honest terms. It is not for the adult who seeks frivolous entertainment or Cinderella fiction. (20th Century-Fox)

### **Reviews in Brief**

A ruthless, political opportunist is dissected with sharp, strong strokes in **ALL THE KING'S MEN**, a harsh, unattractive, but vivid dramatization of the Pulitzer Prize novel. It doesn't require much probing beneath the surface to discover the resemblance between the story's "Willie Stark" and the late Huey Long. The pattern of such rise to political power is a familiar one. It should also be a terrifying picture to those who realize all too well the menace of the demagogue. Unfortunately for the film's effectiveness, the bland acceptance of divorce and a generally low moral tone detract from its value both as entertainment and a social document. On the acting side, the work of Broderick Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge is dynamic. Miss McCambridge, a radio actress making her screen debut, is superb as the politico's cynical, throaty-voiced, tense secretary. It is the beginning of a highly successful movie

career. One can only wish for her sake and the warning contained in this stirring document that all the weak spots had been left on the cutting room floor. (Columbia)

**CINDERELLA**, latest in the Walt Disney gallery, is the perfect holiday-time movie for the youngsters. For that matter, this feature length cartoon is the answer to the childhood entertainment problem at any time of the year. It is bright, amusing, and up to every high standard set by past Disney cartoons. Even the grownups will find it diverting. (Disney-RKO)

Sequels rarely succeed, but **DEAR WIFE**, utilizing the characters and the broad outline of the highly popular *Dear Ruth*, proves the rule about exceptions. If anything, this second visit with the pleasantly zany folk, who survived a hectic V-mail romance, is more enjoyable than the original. In this amusing comedy the young couple find that problems of housing and finances can be as vexing as any pre-marriage tribulations. William Holden and Joan Caulfield make the newlyweds an attractive pair, while Edward Arnold, Billy DeWolfe, Arleen Whelan, Mona Freeman, and Mary Phillips play their secondary roles with skill. There is a laugh or two for every member of the family here, and you're bound to find at least one incident from your own experiences to provide an added chuckle. (Paramount)

Filmed in Paris and photographed in a new color process, **THE MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER** is genuinely exciting and continuously absorbing. In a pixyish but honest moment the producers have billed Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith, and "the City of Paris" as the stars of the picture. Most of the film was shot outdoors, and this touch of realism adds considerably to the enjoyment of an otherwise routine melodrama. Expert characterizations, clever bits of action, the colorful panoramas, and the climax of a chase atop the famed Eiffel Tower combine to make this adult character study provocative and engrossing. Laughton and Tone are splendid, but Meredith's performance as a sidewalk tradesman caught in a crime net outshines their fine portrayals. Meredith directed this blend of travelogue and murder mystery. (RKO-Radio)

Rosalind Russell's presence in the cast of any comedy is a guarantee that it will be played to the hilt, with an added dash of verve and wit to lend flavor. **TELL IT TO THE JUDGE** needs every bit of the Russell personality it can acquire, for it is a scatterbrained, nonsensical affair without sufficient flippancy to pass muster as a first-rate farce. Some of the sequences are suggestive, which further complicates matters for the audience in search of a clever comedy. In addition to the wastage of Miss Russell's talents, Robert Cummings and Gig Young find the going unprofitable. (Columbia)

**THE FALLEN IDOL**, based on the short story by Graham Greene, is an example of British excitement manufacturing at its peak. Directed by Carol Reed, the film revolves around an eight-year-old boy through whose eyes the entire action is unfolded. Eerie, suspenseful, at times brilliant, the production is technically superb. Bobby Henrey's work as the boy who finds himself in a perilous situation is a masterpiece of versatility. It becomes doubly impressive considering his age. Ralph Richardson and Michele Morgan head the roster of adult actors, every one alert and equal to the proper interpretation of Reed's directives. Remarkable though the production is on the technical side, it falls short of acceptance in its handling of the moral issue, greatly lessening its value as a major motion picture achievement. (Selznick)

# DOES LOYALTY PAY?



*On the battle-scarred island of Guam transportation is primitive. The water buffalo is used for all work*

**The people of Guam have suffered severely for their loyalty to the United States, but Uncle Sam continues to treat them like unwanted stepchildren**

**by WILLIAM J. WHALEN**

**D**EMOCRACY is a stranger on Guam.

As the only people living under permanent United States sovereignty to endure enemy occupation during the war, the Guamanians probably suffered more than any other Americans. But of all Americans they have the fewest civil rights, the least measure of self-government.

Thirty-one months of Japanese occupation, almost total destruction of homes and industry, forced labor, hundreds of incidents of murder, torture, and rape, countless indignities were the island's terrible price as an American possession.

By the Treaty of Paris of 1898, in which this country obtained Guam from Spain as war booty, Congress agreed to define the status of the islanders and to give them a voice in their own government. Fifty years and

two world wars later it has still done nothing about it.

A presidential order, which was effective on September 1, 1949, transferred the control of Guam from the Navy to the Interior Department. This long overdue measure exchanged civilian for military rule. It did not grant citizenship nor self-government to the people of this Pacific isle. Carlton Skinner, former information chief in the Interior Department, was appointed Guam's first civilian governor.

Today Guamanians cannot claim citizenship in the country for which hundreds of their brother islanders died. They are still classed as wards of Washington or more technically "United States nationals."

Guamanians have no right to trial by jury or to protection by a grand jury. They have no right to appeal a decision of the island court to any

higher court. They have only an advisory role in their own local government. They are taxed but not represented. They have no recognized delegates in Washington. Neither the Constitution nor the laws of the United States apply to these people.

Who are the Guamanians? How did they happen to come under the rule of the U. S. Navy? Do they deserve citizenship, and can they meet the responsibilities of self-rule?

Guam lies about 5,000 miles west of San Francisco and is the largest (225 sq. mi.) of the 1,400 islands of Micronesia. It is the only American possession in that area of the Pacific. The other islands which made wartime headlines, such as Saipan, Tinian, Rota, are held by this country under a temporary United Nations trusteeship.

Magellan's starving crew (the last rat aboard ship had been captured and eaten) sighted the welcome shores of Guam on March 6, 1521 after a seventeen-month voyage from Spain.

Excited natives paddled out to meet these three ships of the first round-the-world expedition and clambered aboard. Magellan took this form of hospitality



in poor form and ordered his men to draw cutlasses and clear the decks of the naked Chamorros. The unarmed welcoming committee made for shore.

One group of retreating natives climbed into a Spanish whaleboat and paddled away. This incensed the famous explorer who named the islands "Los Ladrones," the Isles of Thieves.

As a parting gesture a group of forty crewmen went ashore, looted the deserted village, and rounded up and killed seven natives. Thus Spain's claim to the islands was laid, and Guam became a stopping point for galleons on the Mexico-Philippines route.

**U**NDER Spanish administration, the population fell from a high of 40,000 to less than 9,000. Jesuit and Augustinian missionaries were successful in converting almost the entire people to Catholicism, and today the Guamanians remain 95 per cent loyal Roman Catholics.

The original Chammorro stock was probably of Indonesian origin. Some anthropologists believe these people arrived on Guam about 3,000 years ago. As might be expected, the Chamorro blood was soon mixed with Spanish, and further intermarriage with Filipino, Malayan, Japanese, and American arrivals has produced a hybrid race.

Early in the Spanish-American War the U.S.S. "Charleston" steamed into Apra harbor and began to open fire. The flustered Spanish governor, unaware of a declaration of war, dispatched a boat to meet the American ship and apologized for not returning the salute. He had run out of ammunition. The governor was informed he was a prisoner of war, and from then on the Stars and Stripes have flown over Guam except for the period of Japanese occupation.

President McKinley placed the island under naval control on December 23, 1898. He promised the Guamanians "in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the heritage of free peoples." The Navy was instructed to substitute "the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule."

During the interim between the end of Spanish rule and the action of the President, the natives had set up their own civil government with a Guamanian governor assisted by a native council. The Navy soon squelched this.

A navy captain, first in a long series of two-year naval governors, took over the rule of Guam in 1899. He immediately declared the whole island a naval station and indicated he expected battleship discipline. Since then the islanders have been waiting patiently

for the millennium of the promised "mild sway of justice and right."

The first governor had a unique knack for doing the wrong thing. He first expelled all missionaries, leaving only one native priest to care for 9,000 Catholics. He forbade public religious celebrations and processions. He denied entry to the Archbishop of New Orleans who had been appointed apostolic delegate to the island. He tried to outlaw Sunday cockfighting which would be similar to banning baseball in Brooklyn. Of course whistling near the governor's palace became a criminal offense.

The naval governor was responsible only to the President and to the Navy Department. He could not be corrected by Congress. Dr. Laura Thompson, University of Chicago anthropologist and author of *Guam and Its People*, has called the Guam government a "navy dictatorship." Incidentally, she was unable to obtain permission to re-enter Guam after the war to revise her 1941 edition. The Navy decided who got in or got out of its island-wide battleship.

"The limited democratic character which it had attained during the Spanish regime was lost soon after the American Navy took over," declared Dr. Thompson. Popular elections were abolished, local offices were filled by navy appointees, and U. S. Marines replaced native police.

A Bill of Rights for Guam was drawn up by a democratic-minded navy captain in December, 1930. It never went into effect. The Secretary of the Navy informed the governor that it did not meet with navy approval.

This same governor, however, inaugurated the Guam Congress with upper and lower houses. Directly elected representatives made up this body, but it was limited to an advisory capacity. Roy E. James, commenting on the Congress in *Pacific Affairs*, said, "It could recommend to the governor such measures as it deemed desirable, but the governor's action on such recommendations was final."

Gradually, a few top local offices were added to the ballot, but in 1936 another governor exercised his power to make these offices again appointive. An advisory Congress and a handful of minor offices constituted Guam's measure of democracy.

As the prospects for Pacific peace darkened in the late 30's, greater efforts were made by internationalists to obtain funds to fortify Guam, mainly to dredge Apra harbor. Finally, in 1941, Congress appropriated \$4,500,000 for the job, but the money was never spent. Those workers who were sent overseas



*Two of the twenty-one medical students on the island of Guam*

to start the project were caught in the Japanese invasion.

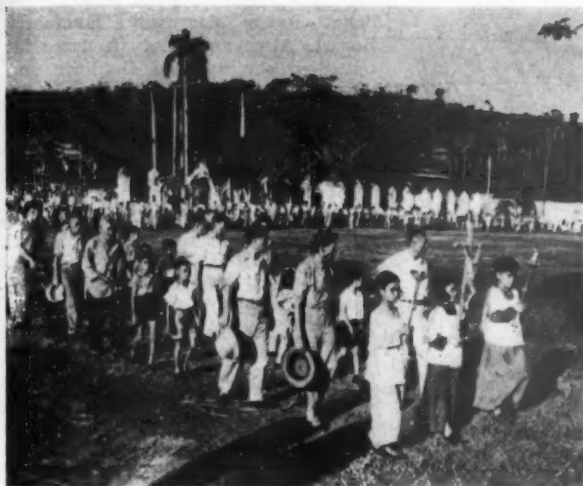
The next two and one-half years were spent under Japanese occupation. Guamanians were conscripted into labor battalions; the more attractive girls were enslaved in officer brothels. One native priest was beheaded and four other natives killed for refusing to betray the hiding place of an American naval officer, the "Ghost of Guam." This officer, Lieutenant George R. Tweed, later described his adventures in a book entitled *Robinson Crusoe, USN*.

As American forces advanced nearer Guam, Japanese viciousness increased. Hundreds were tortured and killed for pro-American activities. The height of enemy atrocities was reached late in the occupation when the leading citizens of the village of Merizo were herded into caves and massacred.

Liberating American troops who recaptured the island in July, 1944, were greeted by natives singing improvised songs about their "Uncle Sammy." To date not a single Guamanian has been convicted of collaborating with the Japanese. There simply were no disloyal Guamanians.

**M**OST of the heavy damage to towns occurred during the American preinvasion bombardment. The beautiful city of Agana, home of half of the island's 22,000 inhabitants, was leveled. Its three theaters, Gothic cathedral, post office, beauty parlors, Elks club, and homes were reduced to rubble.

After the war emergency period, naval rule was re-established in June, 1946, with Rear Admiral Charles A.



*A procession after the Mass of thanksgiving for their liberation. Guam is 95 per cent Catholic*



*The little boy looks in on a recitation at George Washington High School. All classes are taught in English*

Pownall as governor. He had served with aircraft carriers during the Pacific war.

Outside of matters relating to civil rights and self-rule, the Navy has a better report card.

Compulsory education has put 30 per cent of the population or 7,000 children in twenty-one public schools. George Washington High School has an enrollment of about 150. English is the language of instruction. The Guamanian schoolboy today speaks good English, plays baseball, likes American music, goes to church, and studies just about the same subjects as are taught in Chicago or Los Angeles.

Those who want to continue their education beyond high school go to college in Hawaii or the States. A dozen young Guamanians are in Capuchin seminaries in this country studying for the priesthood.

Soon after the U. S. occupied Guam in 1898, the natives asked that their water supply be chlorinated. Forty years later this \$5,000 project was completed. In recent years, medicine and sanitation have been speeded up. A good indication of the improvement of health is the fact that the population has more than doubled since the Americans arrived.

Bearded American Capuchins care for the spiritual needs of the people, Bishop Apollinaris Baumgartner, O.F.M. Cap., former pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist in New York City, is now vicar apostolic. The bishop, by the way, holds a master's degree in journalism from Columbia. A Baptist pastor cares for his flock of 700 Guamanians in two chapels.

By means of a land condemnation

court the Navy has obtained two-thirds of all the land area of Guam, leaving the poorest third for the natives. Subsistence farming, mainstay of the island's prewar economy, is now largely out of the question, and most wage earners have to work for the Navy to get a living.

A quarrel over the continued condemnation of land led to a walkout of both houses of the Guam Congress last March. However, Naval Governor Pownall succeeded in coaxing them back into session.

If the Navy improved Guam's education and health, it did little to expand its economy. The largest and most fertile island in the Marianas, it had a total export of only \$100,000 in 1937. During that same year on smaller (72 sq. mi.) Saipan, the Japanese raised a sugar crop alone that was valued at \$6,000,000.

**G**UAM'S soil and climate are suited to growing sugar, coffee, cacao, copra, tobacco, cotton, pineapples, and a variety of fruits and vegetables. The fishing in the area is some of the best in the world.

Tourist trade might be profitably expanded. Guam is only two days by air from the West Coast. Before the war, seventy-two passenger Clipper ships made regular trips to the island. The average temperature is eighty-one degrees and the island abounds in white, sandy beaches and breathtaking scenery.

The Marianas might make excellent settlements for DP's or Puerto Ricans. On Saipan, for instance, 50,000 Japanese have been repatriated, leaving only 2,000 Chamorros to care for the fields and gardens.

The *New York Times* has editorially demanded action in favor of the Guamanians several times in the past few years. On February 3, 1949 it said, "It must always be a mystery why the three Congresses in office since Japan surrendered have not given these people, who so devotedly proved their loyalty to the United States during the war, the citizenship to which they are entitled by any criteria named."

H.R. 4499 which was introduced into the Eighty-first Congress would grant citizenship, a bill of rights, local legislative powers, an independent judiciary, representation by a Resident Commissioner in the U. S. Congress, and civilian administration. It was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Congressional inertia seems to be the only explanation for the continued delay. Time and again bills have been sidetracked into House committees. They are never heard from again.

A responsible government official has yet to charge that the people of Guam are anything less than a completely honest, intelligent, hard-working, loyal, patriotic, and religious people. Had the war bypassed instead of ravaging their island, they would still have deserved the same benefits of democracy that other Americans enjoy.

Through their wartime devotion the people of this Pacific island have earned the admiration and gratitude of every American. We cannot give them stones when they ask for bread. For loyalty works both ways.

**WILLIAM J. WHALEN** is a graduate of Notre Dame and Marquette University School of Journalism. He is a free-lance magazine and newspaper writer.

# RADIO *and* TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

## Up That Long Ladder

This month this column is going to take a look at the trees instead of the forest. Instead of examining some of the products of radio and television, let us take the proverbial gander at some of the people who make the products which come to us on the air by eye and by ear. For strange and intangible reasons, there is something of an aura around the people who work in radio and television as there is around theater folk. In spite of the aura, here is some evidence to show that success, glittering or otherwise, is usually hard-won. And, further, here are a few details about the people who bring you news and drama and comedy, details which show how the criss-crosses in their life have brought them to your audio speaker or your video screen.

Some gentlemen of the golden vocal cords come first on our list. Dan Seymour, m.c. on *We, the People*, got an early start in radio at the age of twenty in the form of an announcing job on a Boston station at \$25 per week. In the same year he acquired both a college degree and a wife, and since then it's been a steady pull to his present job, with much assistance from what is termed by some critics "the friendliest voice in radio." Jack McCoy, m.c. of *Hollywood Calling*, has had the same kind of steady rise. A high school ambition, pursued through college, has brought him to his present job. Then there is Lowell Thomas, the pathfinder of all successful newscasters, whose mastery of the use of his voice is the envy of his competitors. Yet his only coaching was given to him by his father, a mine doctor in Cripple Creek, Colorado, a fanatic on oratory. He began teaching his son when "Tommy" was two years old. We understand his hold on listeners today better when we know that he was a spellbinder in the school auditorium at ten years of age.

## The Fair Sex

In quite another category, the ladies who use their vocal cords for more emotional fare have often had a long, hard pull along the road too. Take Peggy Lobin, one of the busiest ladies of soap opera, with frequent acting stints on several of the daytime serials. Peggy started serious attempts at acting in high school productions. She then worked hard during her professional college training at Ithaca College in New York. From her first job directing a musical comedy at Cornell, she has pulled herself steadily along the road.

Shirley Booth is perhaps best known to you because of several scintillating appearances on the Fred Allen show in recent years. She got an early job in stock through a family friend and put in several years of hack work tour-

ing before she achieved a Broadway debut in a play with Humphrey Bogart. After appearing in many hit comedies, she met Ed Gardiner and thus became one of the early Miss Duffys at the Tavern bearing Papa's name. The present Miss Duffy, Gloria Erlanger, won the job through a personal quirk and whim of fate. She is, by nature, a non-stop talker. One day, she dashed into the office of radio producer Irving Brecher with a breathless story of a potential screen role. Ed Gardiner happened to be standing by. "How'd you like to audition for Miss Duffy?" he said. She did. And the job was hers.

Then there is Vicki Vola, Mr. District Attorney's secretary. Vicki's mother advocated a teaching career, but a chance attendance at a movie matinee sent her microphoneward instead. Along with the movie, there were some vaudeville acts. She found some opportunities on a local station in her home town, Denver. One show was sold to a network, and she went along with it to San Francisco. Ultimately, Vicki came to the Mecca, New York, and she has had steady work ever since.

## Father and Daughter

Fanny Brice, lady-dean of popular comediennees, creator of the *Baby Snooks* role, and present perpetrator of same on NBC, is another star who came to radio via the stage. It took long years of playing before audiences in many successive editions of the *Follies* and other Broadway hits to establish the perfect timing and the



Celeste Holm and Dan Seymour on "*We, The People*"



nuances of voice which make Snooks the ultimate in naughty little girls.

Hanley Stafford, Snooks' Daddy, is of the same vintage of seasoned troupers. Long ago he took for his stage name the town and county of his birth, Hanley in Staffordshire, England. After service in World War I, he put in years acting on the road until he met Fanny Brice in 1935. His audition for the part of Daddy was his first attempt at comedy on the air. He was hired on the spot. Both the producer and "Snooks" thought his dignified frenzy the perfect counterpoint for the mad pranks of the most impish imp.

These notes on a few radio and television people could be duplicated a hundred times over if we examined the stories of their colleagues. There is pretty much of the same axiom in each story,—"Sure, getting a break is important, but there is no substitute for plain hard work."

Success on the radio speaker or the television screen usually means long hours of preparation and a fight uphill against the stiffest sort of odds. So, if you find yourself envying a star for having the good fortune to reach the top, just remember that he probably put more elbow grease into getting there than you would have been willing to invest in the future had you been he.

#### Television Tidbits

INTERNATIONAL NEWS ON TELEVISION will be more plentiful now on NBC's TV network. Agreements covering the use in this country of 16 millimeter news films made in France and England have been concluded by NBC officials with Radiodiffusion Française and the British Broadcasting Corporation. NBC will in turn lend its news films to the French and British broadcasting agencies.

THE TABLES HAVE BEEN TURNED by NBC on CBS in the matter of the simulcast of *We, the People*, which moved back to its original network, NBC, after twelve years away from home.

TWO OLD FAITHFULS OF RADIO have found a new lease on life in their rebirth in the television medium. If you've a mind to, you may now dial into sight as well as sound *Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge* and *The Life of Riley* show, with Jackie Gleason playing the title role on video.

THE ARMED FORCES HOUR on NBC-TV tells the story of the unification of our armed services. You will probably find it in the Sunday listings.

#### A spiritual thought for the month



## Down With the New

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

THERE are at least two ways to greet the New Year. One is a whooping, exultant advance by men armed with all the instruments by which time is killed. The other is to meet this year with a solemn awe at its newness, a shy delight, bright hopes, and a dash of sadness. Just so, I suppose, the adulteress and Peter greeted the day that found them still loved and life new; or the repentant sinner of any age after the confession that cost so much of courage. We easily identify the new and the holy; the presence of the sacred then hushes our souls.

It should be so. Take an instance of newness in the human order, a newly baptized infant, a girl just stepping into her teens, or that sublime teen-ager who gave birth to the Son of God; what are the immediate associations inseparable from this human newness?

These new ones are unspoiled; time, injustice, responsibility, vice have had no chance to get in their wearying or corrosive work. These, being unspoiled, are innocent; and pure, unswayed, being unspoiled and innocent. So they are holy. This is much more than just a trick of our minds. The holy is steadily purer, incessantly refined by the fire of God's love in an approach to the flaming purity of the Seraphim. The holy is daily more innocent in the full, rich sense of that term—*non-nocens*, "not harming": without malice, without injury to God, to themselves, to others; faultless. So the holy are steadily more unspoiled, daily closer to the splendid original which their holiness images to the eyes of men. Inevitably, then, the holy are increasingly new: there are in them fuller riches, deeper wisdom, a goodness that mellows the world.

Every added degree of holiness is a new thing in the world; this holy man has become more like God. Astonishing as it may seem, we greet this new thing exactly as the New Year is greeted. It can be met with awe, a gentle, almost

paternal protectiveness. We can be extremely anxious that this purity, this added innocence, this unspoiled thing shall not disappear from our midst. In our eyes it is particularly precious, and to it we grant respect, admiration, protection, even a kind of jealous proprietorship. How much the saints of all ages have been spared by and have profited by this wise love of the humble, only God Himself knows; but, knowing it, He will not let those wise humble ones stray far from Him.

Or men can advance on this newness which is holiness with a whooping excitement, exultantly advancing to destroy it; a contemptuous, swooping pursuit of a prey guaranteed not to strike back harmfully. A coward's delight. Men seek out this newness eagerly, on fire to sully its cleanness, to blot out its innocence, to smooch its purity. Such a new thing as holiness is not to be tolerated: it is a rebuke and a refutation to other recipes for happiness; besides, why shouldn't a slave do the work of his diabolic master?

Does this seem extreme? Well, what would you think of the chance for survival of an innocent young woman coming to live alone in any large American city? Let your calculations include the horde of women who will cheerfully deliver her up. How about the shocking fact that three-fourths of the world today has declared war on sanctity? Saints are the prey of an eager, exultant destruction in all but the western fringe of Europe, all but a dwindling remnant of Asia.

For all its progress, our world apparently wants nothing of the one thing that is truly and always new. The radically progressive can, it seems, stand anything but newness, even though the alternates are the spoiled, the sullied, the vicious, the impure, the wicked. Or perhaps they just don't care what happens to men. Surely it is not a New Year's greeting today's world sends out; rather, it issues the tragic prohibition: nothing new here.

With bulging wallet, Thomas Casey set  
out to buy a ticket to happiness. But along  
the road trouble waylaid him

by **BRASSIL FITZGERALD**

# LET NOTHING

A GRANDPA CASEY STORY IN TWO PART PART I

**G**RANDPA CASEY was in fine form at Christmas time—Santa in person with gifts for everyone, including one for himself which did not go with the others under the tree, but under the handkerchiefs in his bureau drawer, and no one the wiser. A merry old gentleman whom nothing dismayed, he was full of the milk of human kindness, and that spiked so discreetly that all Ethel's sniffing revealed to her only an odor of sen-sens.

All week the mood lasted, and on New Year's day he was still going strong, albeit indeed with increasing effort, with a slight dyspepsia and nervous fatigue. But no matter! Think nothing of it, for Grandpa didn't; helping with the dinner, in and out of the kitchen in everyone's way, and setting the table with one place too many. "Ha, ha, my mistake. 'Tis the grandness of Ethel—I counted her twice." And when all were ready, "Excuse me a moment till I get me a handkerchief." And from under the handkerchiefs, a hair of the dog, a tablespoon merely of digestive stimulant. But hush, not a word! In no time he was back to the table, where himself said grace, breathing devotion and sen-sens.

Six days of that, mind you! Like an old-time bicycle racer pedaling stoutly around and around, with once an hour just five minutes offtrack for a sip of nourishment. Then there he goes, and a sprint when needed. The man was heroic.

When the New Year's feasting was done and the others exhausted, he did the dishes; wiped and put away every last one, barring a platter that leaped out of his hand and crashed to the floor. Undismayed, but hastily, Grandpa gathered up the pieces and took them out to the trash can, lest Ethel see them and be disturbed, for the plate was one she'd bought for Katie.

"Poor dear woman," thought Grandpa charitably, hiding the shattered Haviland deep under trash, "treasures that rust, 'tis all she has. With all her money and no chick or child of her own. I wonder now has she made her will. Not that it matters," he told himself

hastily, remembering that Ethel was ten years his junior, in the prime of life, not a day over sixty.

In the kitchen again, Grandpa stacked the pots and pans to dry for themselves and gave the sink but a lick and a promise in his haste to be in to the radio in time for the Rose Bowl game. Alas, he need not have hurried. For, when with apron off and cigar lit he reached the living room, Ethel was before him, queening it in his favorite chair, embroidering a doily while she listened to a program from Boston, a long foolishness about the Pilgrim Fathers' first New Year by Plymouth Rock. Had Grandpa been there he'd have heaved it at them. They discovered New England—and so what? In Grandpa's opinion, it served them right.

With the patience of Job, he waited politely and got at last to the dials in time to tune in on the postgame commercial. Never mind, no complaint. Sure he'd read it all in the morning paper. The man was angelic from Mass to midnight.

Alas for human frailty, the morning after was another day and Thomas J. Casey in other mood, a vessel empty of holiday cheer. That milk of kindness we mentioned was now a bit curdled. 'Twas the wrong time to bait him, as Ethel found out. At the luncheon table on January 2nd an armistice ended, and the holiday season.

We must pause now briefly to remind loyal old friends and reveal to doubtful new ones that all this took place in Hollywood in the modest home of the Polaskis, Katie and Joseph, granddaughter and grandson-in-law of our protagonist Casey, who was their loved and permanent houseguest. Ethel's status was different. Katie's grandaunt and Grandpa's sister-in-law from Wayham, Mass., she was a visitor for the holidays only, while she sought a house for the season. She was having difficulty in finding what she wanted, a small, simple place that a couple could care for—a cook and her husband for yardman and chauffeur. The real estate men were robbers and the Hollywood servants impossible. Ethel did not know what the

world was coming to. Between taxes and Truman, she just did not see how she could afford to live anywhere. Katie and Joe, too, had financial worries, with a G.I. loan and a baby unpaid for. Grandpa alone was financially tranquil, with fifty a month and that tax free. We switch you now to the luncheon table and gentle Katie serving.

A darling, this Katie, with a sweet, grave look, a loving heart, and convent school manner, graciously now she was urging Aunt Ethel to stay on in the best bedroom as long as she would. A pleasure to have her, Katie said, and company for Grandpa.

Breaking bread morosely, Grandpa said nothing. Nothing. For there was between him and Ethel a kind of allergy, long established. It began on a June day of 1903, on the occasion of Ethel's marriage to P. Wilbur Riley, assistant cashier of the Wayham Trust and the model young man of the parish. At the wedding breakfast . . . but this is an old tale and better forgotten. Water under the bridge, though not water indeed, but fruit punch that had turned mysteriously and disastrously potent. On the lawn to be photographed, the assistant cashier fell into a rosebush and could not leave that day for Niagara Falls. Though it was never proved, young Tom Casey was blamed for the punch; and Ethel still blamed him, saying now acidly at the Polaski luncheon table, "Sweet of you to ask me, Katie dear, but I wouldn't think of it. An imposition I call it. You and Joe have your little home to yourselves."

In acute discomfort Grandpa ate a raspberry. But his darling Katie sensed his listening unease, so fondly now said to her aunt, "Doesn't my Grandpa look well?"

Dispassionately, Ethel studied him with a kind of wary intentness, not to be fooled, as she'd look at fruit at an open-air market, watchful for bad spots. Yet, surprisingly, when her verdict came, it was pleasing. "Well, yes he does," she said at last graciously. "Remarkably well." But then she spoiled it by adding dryly, "For a man of his age—and habits."

# YOU DISMAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

## PART I

Katie came quickly to his defense. "Grandpa's not so old. It's his spirit," she said. "He'll always be young."

Ethel gave this remark her considered assent, saying gravely to Katie, "A truer word you never spoke." Then, while Grandpa beamed, she added gently, "Thomas never grew up."

With noble restraint Grandpa counted a silent ten, then sought safety in retreat to another subject. "Katie dear, I could use a bit more milk."

**B**EFORE Katie could stir, Ethel was at him, admonishing. "In the ice-box, Thomas. Get it yourself and let the child have her tea. The least you could do."

What reasonable man could dispute that remark? Surely not Grandpa. With embarrassed alacrity he got up at once to fetch the milk, only, when his back was turned, to hear Ethel again, *sotto voce*, now explaining to Katie, "You see! You have to speak up to him." With a loud sigh she added, "My poor dead sister, her only fault was that she always spoiled him."

Grandpa brought the milk pitcher back to the table, but did not sit down. "True for you, Ethel," he said with hurt dignity, "my Nora did spoil me, nor me alone, for she had no unkindness, nor ever belittled man, woman, or child." He should have stopped there but didn't. With quiet bitterness he added, "I never knew sisters more unlike." His trembling fingers ringed his napkin. "Excuse me, Katie. I've had enough."

Retiring with dignity he heard behind him Ethel's undisturbed whisper, "Cranky, isn't he? Too much—you know what! I could have told you when I smelled those sen-sens." Her final insult was half a sigh, "The things my sister put up with."

Grandpa's ears turned red, and a word for Ethel came into his mind. He did not say it, but, stalking into his room, he slammed the door hard. Ah, well,

"True for you, Ethel,"  
he said with hurt dignity,  
"my Nora did spoil me."





we'd all be saints if it weren't so difficult.

Like Achilles of old in his tent, Grandpa sulked in his room, muttering away with no one to hear him. "You'd think Katie'd rebuke her. No. But 'Stay on, Auntie dear.' Auntie dear this and Auntie dear that. No matter for Grandpa, he pays no board. Sure 'twas ever so. 'Tis money makes the mare go. She and her chauffeur! And why not me for the butler? The high Irish! Well then, I'll tell her! I'm no Wilbur, I'll tell her, 'to put up with your nonsense. You and your Plymouth Rock! Go on back there.' I'll say, 'and sit on it with your Haviland china. Sure 'tis there you belong with the rest of 'em. Check-book in one hand and beads in t'other! You, you Protestant Catholic—go write out a check for the Watch and Ward. . . ." But this is too painful, and why should I tell on him, for no one was listening except possibly Nora, which was the thought that came presently to Grandpa.

There she was on the dresser top, his dead wife, Nora. From the silver picture frame her sad eyes, regarding him, seemed to say silently, "Ethel's my own sister, Tom."

A foolish old man and fanciful? It may be. For certainly he believed that from Heaven itself his Nora could reach to him. Yes, and hear him too when he answered back. Communion of saints? 'Twas not dogma to him, but common sense merely. The wife of his youth and the long years after, what prayer could he say and not for her too? Who else would he ask to put in a word for him, to say now to Saint Peter, as she used to her family, "Sure, pay no attention. He don't mean a word of it."

"Well I do then," said Grandpa sullenly to the dark eyes that watched him. But after a moment he spoke again wistfully, "I miss you so, Nora." And with that, he got out his beads and knelt by the bedside. The first decade he said for Nora and the faithful departed, the second for Katie and Joe and the children, the third and fourth for himself. Grace worked in him slowly; with the fifth decade he mentioned Ethel, kissed his small cross, and got up on his feet to try again.

**B**ENEVOLENTLY then in the living room and his own chair he settled to the paper, turning first to the sports page and the football game he had not listened to yesterday. From behind the paper he rose abruptly, with an expression of peculiar distress, one hand exploring the seat of his trousers. In acute alarm he thought first of an insect, a black widow spider. But no, not



### Not Guilty!

▲ At the public library, a small boy presented a well-worn, dirty volume at the return desk. The librarian glanced at the book, leaned forward to take in the size of the boy, and then remarked: "This is rather technical, isn't it?"

Planting his feet firmly on the floor, the boy, half-defiant, half-apologetic, said: "It was that way when I got it."

—Quote

at all; 'twas the other widow, that Ethel, leaving her needles there in his chair. No harm done, the thing hadn't gone through. Putting the needles on the mantel, up safe from the children, with but a sigh he returned to his paper.

Presently he was aware of Ethel's voice, out in the kitchen complaining loudly, but not of him, for he listened to be sure. 'Twas California now she was giving a tongue lashing. Rains and realtors and tasteless vegetables. Those Jap market gardeners, who would know what poisons they used for fertilizers, and arsenic sprays daily. Or the altitude maybe, whatever it was, she'd woke that morning with the pain again, around her heart like a hand pressing.

Katie's low voice murmured something about the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

"Not while I'm conscious," Ethel snapped. Then she spoke of home and the Fahey Clinic. She'd know what to do when she got back to Boston.

"Speed the day!" muttered Grandpa, and returned to his paper and the sane world of men.

All was calm for at least five minutes. Grandpa on the wings of thought was far away in a vast arena where a crowd stilled to watch him, the fifth horseman himself, crouching now for another touchdown. Fierce and loud in his ear the whistle blew. Grandpa leaped like a startled deer, to the glee of little Tommy, who tooted again his policeman's whistle.

Patience exhausted, Grandpa grabbed at his little namesake. "Get out of that,

you imp of satan. You'd think your parents would have more sense. Here—give me that pesky whistle."

Little Tom fled to the kitchen wailing, "Gampa coss. Gampa take Tommy's whistle."

Ethel's comforting voice was sirupy sweet. "Come to Ethel, Auntie's darling. There, there now. Auntie Ethel sould bad mans."

Bad mans got his hat and went off downtown.

It was a gray day and cold, with rain clouds moving in from the ocean on a gusty west wind, rattling the palms and bedeviling in the gutters the unlvely litter of after Christmas. Along the boulevard workmen were removing the tin fir trees that had capped the street lights, and a loudspeaker moulting paper greenery brayed of January sales. Christmas was gone from store windows, from the faces of men and their minds. Peace and good will? Of course, a good slogan. Next December again for a couple of days. Meanwhile money talks, and of other matters.

**T**HINKING such dour thoughts, Grandpa walked the boulevard from Vine Street to Grauman's, down one side then back on the other, stopping occasionally to window-wish. A jeweler's display was good for five minutes. There was a watch he coveted for Katie, no bejeweled wrist bauble but a beautiful thing of dignified elegance, to pin on her bosom as her Grandma had done. And that porridge bowl of sterling silver for the baby. With all Ethel's money, wouldn't you think she'd break down—"but sure that's the way of it," he told himself reasonably, "that's why she's got it."

Grandpa knew the boulevard for what it was. Vanity Fair, where innocent and wicked, famous and infamous, tourists, touts and Tom Caseys rubbed elbows. A weakness in the man, but he liked it; the glitter and movement, the passing show, and himself a part of it. Was he not stopped himself one day for an autograph? And by no child either, but a respectable matron from Missoula, Montana, who had taken him for Barry Fitzgerald. It would have been unkind to disappoint her, so Grandpa did not, but graciously signed for her. "Barry Fitzgerald," with a flourish.

Often the avenue matched his mood, but not today. Seeking escape from it and his thoughts, he turned in to the Drury Lane, a swank and notorious place, rendezvous for actors and agents, and for others who preyed on them. Here but last month in a rear booth a gambling overlord had been pistoled.

Though a stranger, he stood bold as brass at the bar for his glass of ale. With-

out being asked, the bartender filled it a second time, while Grandpa listened contentedly to the talk that rose around him. The running of horses at Tia Juana; who was fronting for whom in city politics; the Rose Bowl game. Grandpa could have contributed to this last subject, but from modesty retrained, consuming his beer and a half hour. By which time the bartender, a blond, young man with a crew cut and bored wise eyes, came up to make a couple of swipes with the bar cloth, waiting for Grandpa's reorder or cash.

So soon after Christmas Grandpa was on exceeding short rations, so now he looked at his watch. With a start of surprise and a shake of his head, as if to indicate the pressure of time, a board of directors getting restless for him, with a careless and casual hand, Grandpa reached for silver in his right trousers pocket; then in his left trousers pocket; then, with gathering tension and haste, through his coat pockets, right and left. The bartender's smile was unamused. He just moved his bar rag with slow patience, while down the bar the racing experts had stopped to watch.

"My, my, that's odd," said Grandpa, and smiling with attempted ease, he patted his chest, "No billfold? I can't believe it."

"I can," said the bartender and waited.

In acute embarrassment Grandpa fumbled again, and, at last, in a vest pocket felt it, one twenty-five cent piece. The bartender yawned and rang it up, then with a subtly insulting care returned with the nickel and handed it to Grandpa. "Your change, mister." "Thank you," said Grandpa, and, refusing to hurry, walked away. Behind him someone laughed. It was not Grandpa's day.

The afternoon was waning when, with less piety than reluctance to go home, he crossed town to church and his daily visit. In the quiet gloom he did not pray. Just sat there and rested. Presently stirring, he took his lone nickel up to the altar and Mary's feet. He lit one candle for a special intention, then went along home.

Tired, but tranquil-tired. Thinking, "A bad day. I didn't do so good. I got started wrong." Thinking, "Well, He came for sinners, and that's me surely." With returning cheerfulness thinking, "Tomorrow will be another day." It was that, and to be remembered.

Grandpa woke late to sunshine and voices, a subdued stir, as if something were happening. With one muttered Our Father, in bathrobe and slippers he shuffled out to see what was up.

Listening unnoticed in the kitchen doorway, he could hardly believe what

he heard. Ethel was leaving. Home to Wayham bag and baggage. Now. This very day.

Unregarded, Grandpa retired to his room. There in front of the dresser he confronted Nora in her silver frame, the unspoken reproach of her eyes. And without speech he answered. "Don't be looking at me. I had nothing to say, it's her own decision." Then turning his glance to the Sistine Madonna on the opposite wall, outrageously, Grandpa winked. That candle had done it. But whist, not a word.

He robed with haste to be of service, to tend the children while Katie helped pack; and in shirt sleeves remembered that the postman was due with his pension check. "MacNamara's Band"—he whistled it softly, not to be heard.

The morning passed with gathering tension, with Ethel like a general on D-Day issuing orders in a kind of desperate calm. "My big suitcase, Thomas. No, no, on my bed. But wipe it off first. Katie dear, when you've ironed the handkerchiefs, you'd better call Joe. He's to be here at six with the car, and we'll board the train at Pasadena. It's due there at 8:10. Be sure and tell him.



*Like Achilles of old in his tent, Grandpa sulked*

We'll stop and have dinner on the way over. You, too, of course, Katie. Thomas can give the babies their supper."

Grandpa took it all meekly, asking only to help. "Don't forget your reservation," he advised anxiously. "If I were you, I'd telephone now."

Ethel considered his suggestion, then shook her head. "That's how mistakes occur. Never trust phone calls. I want you to go there, Thomas. It will be a nice ride for you to the Union Station. Get my ticket and make the reservation. Don't let them put you off. Bring the Pullman ticket back with you. A compartment, mind you. Don't let them talk you into a drawing-room. But not

next to the diner. Be firm with them about that." Ethel consulted her chate-laine watch. "Twelve-thirty. You have all afternoon, so there's no need of taking a taxi. Well—don't stand there. The sooner you go the sooner you're home. Oh yes! Katie dear, fetch my purse from my bureau."

With her fingers in the alligator's mouth, Ethel hesitated. An odd look came to her face, a shadow of indecision. "Oh dear," she murmured, "I have just these big bills." Counting she muttered, "Fifty, one hundred, one-fifty." She fingered each bill to be sure it was one. "Two hundred. That's more than you'll need." But her fingers seemed to cling to the beautiful bills, bank-bright and laundered. Looking up she asked Katie, "You don't suppose I should go myself?" Then answered herself, "But I must rest." Reluctantly she surrendered the bills. "You'll be careful, Thomas? I'd never forgive you..."

**T**UCKING the bills in his elegant wallet, at such feminine foolishness Grandpa just smiled. But satan leered.

Grandpa did not dally; as if Ethel and Lady Macbeth were one, stayed not upon the order of his going, but went at once. In the new, gray tweed jacket that was Joe's Christmas present, with maroon silk tie and kerchief to match, at one o'clock Grandpa was on his way.

Behold him now en route to the avenue, the step of him and the tilt of his hat, a man of affairs, any fool could see that.

It was a beautiful day of windy sunshine, and after long rains the world was fresh-washed; across vacant lots the geraniums burned a crimson shout; and on emerald lawns orange trees gleamed with the apples of Hesperides. All nature rejoiced, and Grandpa too. But Grandpa gave thanks. All that he'd asked for, his cup ran over. His own Katie would have time for him now again and in the good evenings, Joe and he would talk soldiering; and when the little one woke 'twas for her grandpa she'd cry. He'd be again, not important, no—but not belittled. Incurably imperfect! Would the man never learn? He was both grateful and pleased with himself. "When it comes to praying," he thought, "stand back for Tom Casey."

So he came to the bus stop with five minutes to spare, time enough to pick up a paper. It was then he remembered that he had no change, not a thin dime for bus fare. He could cash his own check at the package store. But wait, hold everything, there across the street was the Drury Lane bar. The very place to break a bill. And now that he thought of it, that fresh young bar-

tender with the airs of him yesterday scorning a nickel! "Twould be a kindness," thought Grandpa, "to teach that lad a lesson. Polish him off and wrap him in lavender." Grandpa did that.

There at the bar disdaining red stools, with a foot on the rail and his hat pushed back, Grandpa ordered brandy. "The best you have." It was the same young bartender, bored and slick. Languidly he set forth on the bar a glass and an ancient bottle. But before he poured, his hand on the bottle, "Eighty cents," he said, and put a match in his mouth.

There was no one watching, which was really a pity, for an imp possessed Grandpa, a histrionic imp that yearned for an audience. There was at the moment but one other customer. A young fellow and coatless, he lounged at the other end of the bar with his nose in a paper.

Now while the bartender waited with his tongue tip rolling the match in his mouth, ostentatiously wanting to see money before he poured—now unhurriedly Grandpa slid his hand into his right trousers pocket and drew it out empty. He explored his other pockets, one by one, while the bartender watched with a peculiar expression. "Here we go again," he muttered rudely.

Grandpa made no answer, taking his time. His exploring fingers had now reached his vest, right pocket, left pocket. "Careless of me," he muttered at last and started again the trousers routine, patted hip pockets. "Dear me," said Grandpa, "not a bit of change!"

The bartender did not deign to answer, with a yawn removing the bottle. He was about to speak, but Grandpa's timing was perfect. Before the fellow could voice an insult, while with his tongue tip he removed the match to speak, casually Grandpa reached within his coat, casually drew out his fat wallet. Holding it open for the bartender's eyes, slowly he drew forth one bill and laid it gently upon the mahogany, a fifty, yellow and beautiful there on the bar.

"So sorry," said Grandpa, "I've nothing smaller."

**A**FTER one quick look, the bartender's eyes ignored the money.

"A pleasure, sir," the bartender murmured, pouring now with tender care to fill Grandpa's small glass to the last full drop. With no more impressment could he have poured champagne. Waiting then for Grandpa's verdict, "Smooth enough, sir?" he asked anxiously.

Grandpa tasted the stuff, and his triumph. "Potable," he said, "potable." And, as the man moved away to the cash register, Grandpa ordered again. "A cigar, please. Anything mild and in-

expensive. A twenty-five center will do nicely."

The man brought the cigar and attended, obsequiously holding a match flame. Graciously, Grandpa accepted the service. "Thank you kindly," he said, and blew a smoke ring, a good ring, widening slowly as it drifted up. In another second it might have ringed the man's nose, had he not removed it to the other end of the bar in response to a call from the other customer, an urgent "come here, Mack." The fellow seemed excited about something he'd found in the paper; spread now on the bar with his head and the bartender's close above it.

Meanwhile Grandpa took his refreshment leisurely, considering himself in the bar mirror, settling his shoulders in the new tweed coat. He liked the cut of the thing, a young look; not a day over sixty a stranger would guess him. His glass empty at last, he considered dispassionately following through with one glass of ale. For nourishment, mind you, for the vitamin B. With a long day ahead, it might be wise.

Now his guardian angel was alert to

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• Compliments, like perfume, should be inhaled and not swallowed.

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admonish, a silent whisper, "And who do you think you're fooling, Thomas? Go along with you and your vitamin B."

Reluctantly obeying that inner voice, Grandpa was stowing away the change of his fifty when his attention was diverted to the end of the bar, where the bartender's voice rose suddenly loud and derisive. "Lay off, will ya—you're breaking my heart."

An odd remark that: it drew Grandpa's eyes to the man thus addressed, a very odd-looking fellow, broomstick lean; below dark curly hair, a bat-wing ear, and long nose. And his voice when he spoke was breezy and eager. "I'm telling you, Mack. It's in the bag." He held up two fingers and crossed them. "We're like that. An investment, call it. A couple of hours I'll bring it back."

The bartender rolled the match in his mouth to ask, "What security?"

"Security, he says!" The young man shook his head as if in shocked amaze. Then, "Me," he answered, and patting his own chest proudly, "myself in person. Lon Burke."

The bartender's silence was unimpressed.

"I wouldn't ask you, Mack, but. . . ." Buoyant no longer, the lad's voice was desperate. "I gotta have cab fare."

The bartender smoothed his crew

cut with gentle fingers. "Drop dead, will you?" he said. And then with a smirk at his own wit, "But not in here, the floor is swept."

The fellow took it with a shrug and a smile, rolling up his newspaper with an air of insouciance. "Okay, Mack," he said cheerfully, "and just to show there's no hard feelings, have a drink yourself. . . ." The fellow paused to give Grandpa a wink, "On the house," he said, and strolled out. The long legs of him graceful and quick, as if he stepped to music no one heard but himself.

**T**HE bartender looked to Grandpa. "Get a load of that screwball?" he asked companionably. "Someone should wise him Christmas is over."

"Little need," remarked Grandpa. "He'd find out in these places."

The bartender looked puzzled and changed the subject. "Another cognac, sir? You can't fly on one wing."

"I'll walk then," said Grandpa, and did so, following the screwball out to the street.

There he was up ahead, and sauntering almost as if he were waiting for someone. Conspicuous too, without a coat, a very odd-looking Burke. "I got troubles of my own," thought Grandpa, and slowed his steps so as not to catch up with the fellow. Across the street was an intown bus.

On the curb, awaiting a change of light, Grandpa looked at his watch. It was but one twenty-five, not an hour yet since he'd left the house. And now that he thought of it, what was the rush? If he got home too soon Ethel would have him polishing shoes. A bite of lunch perhaps. A sandwich at least and a cup of coffee. But he could take this bus and eat overtime. And something told him to do just that, for a feeling came over him of being watched. He knew suddenly without looking that the man from the bar had turned back and was coming up behind him.

A quick suspicion pinched then his mind. That scene in the bar—it all started shortly after he'd shown his wallet. But at once the thought shamed him, and the name Burke. For the Burkes were his mother's people, and who would know that? Not the bartender surely, nor this lad in distress.

Now the light was changing for pedestrians to pass. Close beside him a voice said, a jaunty voice but determined, "Burke's the name, mister. Can you spare me five minutes?"

Grandpa thought fast. If he did not answer, but crossed quickly now, he'd be on the bus and safe away. There were thousands of Burkes, and this one a stranger. Time of decision. While a guardian angel held his breath.

(To be concluded next month)



One of Ireland's greatest social problems is how to keep her young men and women from emigrating. The solution is not too far distant since Father Hayes returned



Fennell photo

# People of the Land

by DOUGLAS HYDE

ments in Ireland today, known as *Muintir na Tíre* or "People of the Land."

This Rural Life Movement began as a result of the activities of Father J. M. Hayes, who is today its president. Father Hayes had spent some years as a parish priest in Liverpool and was for every minute of his time there a very conscious Irish exile, longing to get back to his native land. The longer he remained away from Ireland, the more he tended to see his country through rose-colored glasses.

Then an opportunity came for him to return, and he took up parish work in Bansha. And, coming back after life in a big English city in which there had been a large Irish-born population, he saw at once the need of reviving village life without destroying its Irish and Catholic character.

The inability to keep her young men and women at home has been one of Ireland's greatest social problems for many years. The majority of her population consists of small farmers, their holdings often not big enough to support their large families. There is nothing but emigration for those who are unable to find work on the land.

But going from the intensely Catholic atmosphere of Ireland to the very different and almost entirely pagan atmosphere of English cities results time after time in loss of the Faith. Father Hayes had seen it in practice and believed something had to be done.

The movement he founded in 1933 has the aim of improving rural economy, modernizing agricultural methods,

**B**ANSHA, County Tipperary, stands in a valley surrounded by beautiful but not very productive countryside. The village itself is a tiny, rather shabby little place. It is half a century since the last house was built there. There are two or three dozen small cottages, many of them apparently modeled on the lines of the average English cattle shed—low, one-story buildings with diminutive windows, and doors which stand open all day even in the coldest weather to let in a little light.

It had been raining the day I saw it first, and two small children played in a large puddle which came right up to the front doorstep of their home on the main road. They gave me a casual glance, then carried on with the more important job of stirring up the mud with sticks.

An old woman came and filled a pail from the pump which stood at the side of the road. The local drunk strolled across to see who the strangers were and followed us around for some time after.

It was lunchtime, and most people were in their homes. The occasional sound of the clatter of pots and snatches of conversation came through the open doors.

Bansha, in fact, superficially had the

appearance of being just a rather too-typical, remote Irish village, a living testimony to why the majority of Ireland's young men and women leave the shores of their homeland to work in England and elsewhere.

And it would, until recently, most certainly have been a fair impression. But it was precisely because I knew that Bansha no longer is typical in this way that I jumped at the chance of going there. For the name of Bansha has become known not only throughout Ireland but in England and much farther away than that.

As I stood feeling just a little disillusioned, a factory whistle suddenly started up, a sound one would not expect to hear in a village such as that; in tone and volume it was worthy of the largest of city factories. And out of the cottages began to come men and women who made their way to what had until quite recently been an old abandoned mill built some two hundred years ago, but which is today the home of "Bansha Rural Industries, Limited."

Bansha has, in fact, three things which mark it off from other Irish villages of its kind. It has the factory, electricity, and hope. It is in a sense a guinea-pig village, for it is the home of one of the most significant move-

and providing alternative employment where the land is unable to support the whole of a local population. His aim was that it should be an economical, social, productive, recreational, and spiritual movement. For some years he was too busy getting the organization going to be able to do a great deal about Bansha itself. But now Rural Life is more and more changing the life of the village. And what is happening there is typical of many villages and small towns in all parts of Ireland.

Early in 1948, half a dozen of Bansha's young girls had obtained their papers with a view to leaving for England, another half dozen were thinking of following suit. Father Hayes decided that something had to be done and persuaded the local *Muintir na Tire* parish council, which had been set up some time before, to purchase the old mill which disfigured the countryside. On the advice of a friendly industrialist, it was decided to turn it into a jam factory.

ONE of the village men was sent to Dublin to be trained in the manufacture of jams and similar products. He was the future manager of the factory. At the expense of the parish council, a woman was later trained in the same manner.

A single floor was put into the old mill as a start, and a small company was formed with a view toward running the factory on co-operative lines. Shares were made available to the whole of the local population, and for those who could not afford to buy shares outright, clubs were started into which they paid a small sum each week until the shares were paid for. The result was that almost every adult in-

habitant of the parish became a shareholder and the factory a truly co-operative effort.

It started production while the structural alterations were still in progress in the factory and came into full production in October 1948. "Full production" at that time meant just three or four jam vats working all day, backed up with a small bottle-washing machine and a boiler, but the original plant has steadily been added to as the enterprise has become increasingly well established.

Bansha Rural Industries today employs a considerable number of permanent workers, has a steadily increasing output of jam and jelly crystals, and is about to launch out into the productions of sauces, salad cream, and soft drinks, which will require more plant and a larger staff.

Among the workers are the young girls who had formerly taken out their papers for going to England, and there is hardly one working there who would have remained in the village had it not been for the little, commonly-owned factory which is giving them employment and a reason for remaining at home.

But the factory is only one small aspect of the work of *Muintir na Tire* in Bansha. Side by side with the commencement of work on the factory, fruit trees were obtained and sold at a low price throughout the parish. Four hundred farmers availed themselves of the opportunity, and the intention is that they should sell the fruit direct to their own factory.

The small village hall has been made into a center of social activity conducted by the Rural Life parish council.

The village now has two bands and dances are held there regularly. A library and drama circle also functions at the center.

A POULTRY scheme was inaugurated with a view toward making every holder a poultry keeper. There had for many years been a tradition that poultry should be left to the women, and that no self-respecting man would ever be seen handling fowl. An agent from the Ministry of Agriculture was summoned to describe up-to-date poultry-keeping methods, and today almost every home has its poultry kept along modern lines, in sharp contrast with former days.

Then a veterinary surgeon was brought to the village to test every animal in the parish. A campaign was started for healthier livestock, about which some were at first suspicious, but which today has the support of all. At no point has there been any compulsion, but gradually old prejudices have been broken down and the people have opened their doors to new ideas after carefully conducted propaganda and enlightenment.

After the veterinary surgeon came the soil-testing man. Again there had to be a campaign of popularization and explanation preceding his first visit, but the obvious value of his proposals was recognized, and today the soil of every field in the parish is being tested and the farmers advised about fertilizers best suited to each field in turn.

Perhaps the biggest job the Rural Life parish council has done has been the installation of electricity in the village. Again, as in all its work, it has been achieved on a purely voluntary

*In Feohanagh, Co. Limerick, men drain a large section of land to prevent flooding during the winter months*



*Irish Press photo*

*It's fun feeding a sow—when you know how. Boys at Pallaskenry Summer School are taught how*



basis, with Government assistance but not as a Government project.

The average Irish village is still without electric light of any sort, and its single street becomes drearily dark and depressing as night falls.

But on the corner occupied by its jam factory, Bansha has a big light hanging out over the road. And there is light in every home, without exception, down to the smallest and shabbiest of the cottages.

The way in which this project was carried through was typical of the movement's approach to such questions. The parish council started an electrification fund. Then the entire project was paid for by the council. Those who could afford to pay were expected to contribute their full share of the cost. Where it was impossible for the occupant of a cottage to meet the cost, the wiring was done entirely free of charge. This applied to many of the cottages.

It is hoped that a piped water supply will soon be brought to the village by the same means.

The life of a farmer in Ireland and elsewhere has in recent years tended to be taken up more and more with the signing of forms. But Rural Life has found a cure for that. An agent has been brought to the village whose job it is to handle all form-filling, whether it is for the purpose of getting Government grants or licenses, paying income tax, or whatever it may be. Instead of spending their time puzzling over official documents, the farmers simply take them to the agent, who handles the whole procedure.

The biggest job is still to be done in Bansha, and that is the modernization of its housing. For, although the

life of the people is improving steadily as a result of the many innovations of recent years, this is not reflected in their homes, which were built in days when nothing was considered too bad for the Irish farm worker.

The parish council is the basic organization of *Muintir na Tire*. The whole of the people in a given parish constitute the parish guild, which elects the council on a vocational basis.

Father Hayes and his associates realized that election by a show of hands would result in the best-known farmers' being elected to the council in each parish, and the idea was that it should be something representative of every strata of the local population.

**F**OR this reason, each section of the population elects its representative. Thus the farmers, farm workers, professional people (the local schoolteacher, lawyer, physician, and others), the women, and the youth have two representatives each, who are elected by the respective groups. The officers are elected by the whole of the guild, which means, in effect, the entire local population.

Two hundred and twelve such parish councils now exist in various parts of Ireland, and all are attempting the sort of job now being done in Bansha.

The work of *Muintir na Tire* is not confined to the tiny villages. In Bansha's big neighbor, Tipperary Town, an equally important job is being done.

Tipperary is known to most people because of a military marching song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which became popular in the days when it was a British garrison town. But when the military marched out of Tipperary,

there appeared to be nothing left to justify its existence at all. It had a good-sized population which had been brought together for the sole purpose of ministering to the needs of the British garrisons—and no industries at all. Without the garrison there would certainly never have been a town of that size there. The result was that Tipperary became just one big slum, with a phenomenal percentage of its population chronically unemployed.

To see Tipperary today is still a jarring experience, reminding one of the worst periods of the depression in the early 1930's. Yet already *Muintir na Tire* has succeeded in improving life in Tipperary almost beyond recognition.

Two industries have been brought to Tipperary by the parish council. One is a glove-making concern, the other manufactures linoleum. Both are owned by the local populace, shares having been disposed of along the same lines as in the case of the Bansha jam factory.

Said Father Hayes as we sat together in his rectory: "We've exported the best of our young men and women for long enough. If we can bring new life to our villages and country towns, we shall keep them at home. It is better by far to export our goods than the flower of our youth."

Then he added, with terrific conviction: "But this isn't just a political stunt or a purely economic plan. It is Catholic social teaching in practice. Ireland is the world's powerhouse of Catholicism today. But in addition to sending her priests and missionaries all over the globe, she may yet become a pioneer in the Christian solution of social problems too."

*Here the young men at the summer school are shown how to handle a very difficult customer*



*The importance of spraying for successful fruit is taught and demonstrated at the Pallaskenny School*



Fennell photos





by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

### **Voltaire Repentant?**

*Is it true that Voltaire signed the following testament? "I die, adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition."—M. J. R., FORT BOMBAY, INDIA.*

It is true that the madman dictated that testament to his secretary. But it is equally true that it was a ruse to offset the danger of his being buried in unconsecrated ground. Toward that prospect of interment, he had a superstitious horror. His conduct between the time of his simulated retraction and his death is ample evidence of insincerity; among other things, he renewed his Masonic oaths. His intimate friend and physician, the Protestant Dr. Trochin, was horrified by the last hours of Voltaire. His church burial was effected through the trickery of relatives.

### **Bankruptcy**

*Some years ago, my husband was declared legally bankrupt. His failure may have been due to mismanagement. Now that we have regained financial security, is my husband obliged to reimburse his creditors?—L. B., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.*

Generally speaking, a debtor should make restitution to his creditor in full, and as soon as reasonable. Debtor and creditor may be able to agree amicably, between themselves, as to a restitution in full or in part, immediate or postponed. In the forum of conscience, the confessor is the judge as to the extent and urgency of a Catholic debtor's obligation. If the case be referred to the civil court for settlement, the judge is the legal arbiter. Aside from a technical declaration of bankruptcy, various factors can modify the obligation of restitution. If a debtor be practically penniless, restitution is a physical impossibility; it is morally impossible if the insolvent person needs what little he can salvage for the modest maintenance of himself or his family.

Once legal bankruptcy is declared, the debtor is subject to the decisions of the civil law. Any such legal ruling obliges in conscience, provided there is no conflict with the natural law. According to the bankruptcy laws of the United States and its territories, "a discharge in bankruptcy shall release a bankrupt from all his provable debts." The supposition is, of course, that the bankruptcy be truly *bona fide*. Even a debtor who may later on attain prosperity, if declared legally bankrupt here and now, is considered "forever discharged from all debts and claims." This cancellation of

restitution in perpetuity would not be admissible in the forum of conscience, were it not for the fact that debts are contracted with the understanding that such obligations cease to urge in insolvency. Another factor to be considered within the internal forum as well as the external is the civil government's power of eminent domain over the material goods of citizens. Incidentally, mismanagement does not necessarily imply moral fault on the part of the bankrupt debtor.

However, if a onetime debtor becomes prosperous, equity would suggest that, in proportion to his own financial circumstances and the needs of his former creditors, he reimburse them wholly or in part—even though not obliged to do so in justice. On this score, an obligation of charity might become urgent, particularly if the creditors were still in dire straits because of the debtor's previous insolvency. Each and every case under this heading calls for individual adjudication. From the details submitted in your letter, we consider your husband no longer obliged to restitution.

### **Jim Crow, Catholic**

*Is racial segregation observed in Catholic churches in the South? If so, how is this compatible with the teachings of Christ? Has the Church done anything to combat Jim Crow laws?—L. G., UTICA, N. Y.*

Segregation is observed to some extent, and unavoidably, because of local circumstances. The Northerner may or may not see eye to eye with the Southerner on the ramified problem you submit. Agreement or disagreement may be total or partial and motivation may differ, but the problem cannot be brushed aside as a fiction of sheer prejudice. Inadvisable zeal only retards a lessening of the Jim Crow atmosphere.

In several epistles, St. Paul exhorts servants to obedience, patience, and kindred virtues toward their masters. In his day, most servants were slaves. The Apostle did not thereby endorse slavery as an institution, but adapted his ministry among slaves to circumstances which could not be normalized overnight. "According to the image of Him that created him, there is neither... bond nor free." (Col. 3:10, 11). And again: "For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ, there is neither bond nor free; you are all one, heirs according to the promise." (Gal. 3:27-29).

It would be naïveté, at least, to regard John Brown as a hero. He was the most insane among a family of maniacs. Aside from the angle of military stratagem, Lincoln's emancipation of the Negro was a brave and noble accomplishment. However, it created another national problem. It has been maintained, albeit in no uncharitable spirit, that Lincoln should have also deported the Negro—not to some hinterland, but to the then existent Liberia, or to a new "Liberia" under American auspices. There, in a congenial setting, the material and spiritual betterment of the Negro could have been advanced without hamper and tension. (Sign Post, July 1949).

In the North as well as in the South, there are objectionable Negroes and there are "white trash." Neither type is representative of his respective race or of the normal American citizen. Neither is the fruit of Christianity; nor should either species be cited as a pretext for recrimination or for discrimination of any kind. However, even the Church cannot erase, completely and of a sudden, a color line which may prove to be indelible. Gradually, that color line is fading—largely because the Church has done so much to underwrite the Negroes' title to respect. In Catholic circles, it is taken for granted that many Caucasian priests devote their lifelong ministry, the world over, to the Negroid races. The Church canonized St. Peter Claver for his heroic work

in their behalf and beatified Blessed Martin de Porres, a Negro lay brother. In this country, the Church is endeavoring to provide Negro priests. Problems of mountainous and urgent importance clamor for solution, but the Apostle has warned us against those "who have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

### Planned Parenthood

*Please explain why our Church is so opposed to planned parenthood. It seems illness or anything else is no excuse. The selfish ones who don't want children seem to regret it when they grow older. I believe a "breather" between children would enable countless young couples to adjust themselves and keep up with the cost of living.*

—W. W. R., MCKEESPORT, PA.

Properly understood, the Church is not opposed to planned parenthood. Illness and other factors, such as financial circumstances, can be ample reason for spacing children. Remorse is an inevitable aftermath of the selfishness which has prevented countless children from coming into existence.

The Church is opposed to planned parenthood when it exemplifies that brand of selfishness, or/and when the planning involves unnatural birth control—with or without recourse to contraceptives. The abnormality of a husband and wife who, through their own fault, are not also father and mother, contrasts strikingly with the eager adoption of orphans by married couples who, through no fault of their own, are childless. According to the current and predominant understanding of the terms, "planned parenthood," "spacing of children," and "breathers" between children imply birth control—not by self-control, but by means which defy the laws of nature. An infallible Church cannot hoodwink or be hoodwinked on an ABC of morality. Did you read *The Sign Post* of last September, under the caption *How Many Children?* Have you consulted your confessor on recourse to Rhythm? And as to that method of natural birth control, a physician who is Al in his profession and a representative Catholic?

### What's the Use?

*I'm skeptical—perhaps even cynical, about the so-called New Year spirit. Seeing the old year out and the new year in is just another pretext for a jamboree. As for the psychology of a "fresh start," the New Year resolutions of most people are a sad joke. After all, if God be for you, you do what is right—willy-nilly; if He isn't, what's the use of trying?*—L. L., AMARILLO, TEXAS.

You are a skeptic and a pessimist, though perhaps not a cynic. Optimism, based on enlightening faith and buoyant hope, should characterize a Catholic. Pessimism and Catholicism are contradictory terms. A person can allow his faith to dim, but even a flicker annoys conscience. Pessimism is often a symptom of a worried conscience.

The line of demarcation between a completed year of lifetime and the commencement of another year is radiant with significance. Time is a measure of opportunity. Keenly aware of the truth of this aphorism, some of the saints made a vow never to misspend one moment of time. Time wasted has eternal repercussions; well invested, it entitles one to peace of soul. Why not celebrate a year of accomplishment and the advent of another twelvemonth of opportunity? Night club carousals are not the only brand of celebration, nor is every jamboree a carousal. Many churches conduct a combined Old Year-New Year service—even a midnight Holy Hour. That kind of a "fresh start" is sound psychologically—and supernaturally. There is no more effective way

to cancel the "if" in your formula: "If God be for you."

Only too often, New Year resolutions are a fad and peter out by January 2. But for Catholics, there is a sacramental resolution known as a purpose of amendment, whereby we make our promises not only to ourselves but also to God, who steadies that resolution. Since God does reward and punish, it follows that we do right or wrong willy, not nilly. God's grace is indispensable as an impelling, helpful factor, though not as a compelling force. If God were not for you, it would be futile to try, but that gloomy supposition sounds like a quote from Calvin or Knox. It is contrary to fact and to Catholic teaching, which is a theology of optimism. Respond to the Pope's invitation to spend a Holy Year, and you will experience a happy New Year.

### Baptism of Fetus

*May conditional baptism be administered in case of miscarriage? I was pregnant about two months and a half, but the physician—a Catholic—said "there was no fetus." What is the state of soul of infants who die without baptism?*—T. R., BOSTON, MASS.

The sacramental laws of the Church direct that infant baptism is not to be administered until after birth, aside from emergency circumstances. If a mother dies prior to childbirth, or in any case of miscarriage, the fetus should be baptized, regardless of age. If the fetus be certainly alive, the baptism should be unconditional; if doubtfully alive, then conditional. In cases of miscarriage, it can easily happen that the integrity of the fetus is so affected as to render it unrecognizable. In all probability, the physician you quote did not attempt to administer baptism for that very reason.

Expectant mothers as well as doctors and nurses should be familiar with correct procedure in all such emergency cases. A pamphlet on the subject, by the Rev. J. R. Bowen, is available at 30c: *Baptism of Infant and Fetus*; M. J. Knippel Co., Dubuque, Iowa. For a consoling discussion of the happiness of unbaptized babies, reread the "Sign Post" of March, 1949, under the caption "Unbaptized Happiness."

### "If You Ask Me"

*Why do you Catholics heckle Eleanor Roosevelt, as per enclosed clipping?*—B. F., SCRANTON, PA.

(Enclosed clipping from *The Tablet* of Brooklyn—a reprint from *Indiana Catholic & Record*—comments on "a bit of Hyde Park prattle" featured in *McCalls*.) Your question seems to imply a blanket statement to the effect that it is quite the thing for Catholics to heckle Eleanor Roosevelt. The enclosed clipping is the only instance you cite and is one of few that can be cited. Hence, your implied statement is not factual.

Under the caption "If You Ask Me," Mrs. Roosevelt has published an informal profession of her religious convictions—or rather, her tragic lack of conviction. It is obvious that Mrs. Roosevelt, by her admission of abysmal ignorance as to the facts of life hereafter, professes an agnosticism which is basically incompatible with Christianity. "There is nothing we can do about the type of life that awaits us, and we waste our time when we speculate about it." Perhaps her indifference is the consequence of her agnosticism. "I really never have thought very much about immortality. I am not going to worry about it, because there is no way in which we can possibly know."

Because of ample information revealed by the Divine Saviour of the world, no Christian is in the dark on the subject of his hereafter. Whoever doubts the reliability of

that information is no Christian and should not pose as a Christian. Hence, we may well wonder what reply Mrs. Roosevelt could make, consistently, to Christ's interrogatory: "What think you of Christ?" Among UN delegates, upon whom today's world so depends, far too many are incompetent and unrepresentative precisely because of their agnosticism and indifference as to man's immortality and eternal responsibility.

### ***Bodily Sin: Guilt of Soul***

*Why is the soul guilty and subject to punishment, because of sins committed by the body?—F. MCC., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

There is no partnership more intimate than that between the human soul and body. The soul, as the intelligent and determining element of man, is responsible for all conscious actions, whether morally good or bad, whether placed by the soul alone or by body and soul together. Sin can be committed by the soul alone without the instrumentality of the body, but no sin can be committed by the body only, without surrender on the part of the soul—the focal point of human responsibility. Hence, guilt is attributed predominantly to the soul; hence, the congruity that the soul be punished as well as the body.

Since the incurrence of original sin and because of it, man lost the privileged balance whereby carnal inclinations were under the thorough control of reason and grace. But no matter how unruly the body may tend to become, the soul is still responsible, and can still repress the mutiny of flesh against spirit. The enlightenment and encouragement of divine grace can be neutralized only by a want of sincere good will.

### ***Suffrage for Departed***

*I claim that five low Masses for the departed are a more effective suffrage than one high Mass. Am I right?—G. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

The four purposes of liturgical or religious sacrifice are the following: adoration, thanksgiving, expiation, and intercession. In the case of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, solemnity of ritual admits of degrees—depending upon whether the Mass be low (simply read) or sung as a high or as a solemn high Mass. The solemnity of a high or solemn high Mass does add eloquence to the sacrifice. But, properly understood, that solemnity is only an extrinsic, secondary feature of the sacrifice. As for essential worth, a low Mass is just as eloquent or effective.

From the viewpoint of actual application of suffrage, it is impossible for any of us to calculate, in a quasi-mathematical way, the most effective provision to be made in behalf of the departed. The application of suffrage depends solely upon the God of Consolation who, not improbably, is pleased to consider many factors, such as the needs of the soul undergoing purgation, his worthiness of relief, the sentiments of the one providing the suffrage, and so on. On the basis of sheer, intrinsic efficacy, one low Mass would suffice to keep Purgatory vacant.

### ***Marriage Among Cousins***

*Is it permissible for Catholic first cousins to be married? If so, is a dispensation required? Why?—M. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

According to the Church's Code of Canon Law, "in the collateral line, marriage is invalid to the third degree inclusively . . ." (Canon 1076) Thereby, marriage is prohibited between first cousins and between second cousins.

Reluctantly, by way of rare exception, and for sufficient reason, the Church grants a dispensation. Permission for such a marriage is less difficult to obtain if the parties are beyond childbearing age. The reasons for the prohibition are prudential, and both material and spiritual. The incidence of physical and mental deficiency, among offspring of near relatives, is consistently high. With a view to the maintenance of family morality, it is inadvisable to foster the prospect of marriage in any such case; it is advisable for the general welfare of society, that conjugal devotion be extended beyond the limits of one and the same family. Marriage within the family, for the purpose of isolating wealth, is a flimsy pretext.

### ***Mixed Marriage Witnesses***

*In the case of a mixed marriage between a Catholic bride and a non-Catholic groom, must the best man be a Catholic?—M. R., MILWAUKEE, WIS.*

Regardless of whether the non-Catholic party be bride or groom, both official witnesses should be Catholics. This requisite is not necessary for validity; however, that a non-Catholic function as an official witness licitly, there is a grave obligation to obtain permission from the diocesan authorities.

### ***Unborn Child a Martyr?***

*Apologos of the Sign Post (November, 1949) in reference to the unborn child of Bl. Margaret Clitheroe, a martyr for the faith—is it not possible that the child received Baptism of Blood, as in the case of the Holy Innocents?—M. W., BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.*

In stating, as we did, that there is "no decisive argument in favor of the title to heaven (in the full sense of the term) of her unborn child," we had in mind the usual course of "understandable wishful thinking"—Baptism of Desire, as applied to the child through the parent as a proxy. But this case is unique—Homer must have nodded! We incline to think that what you suggest is not only possible, but probable. Herod was a prototype of Henry and Elizabeth. During the Mass of December 28, we pray—through the intercession of the Holy Innocents: "O God, Whose praise the martyred Innocents did this day proclaim—not by speaking but by dying . . ." Taking the Holy Innocents as a recognized pattern, Baptism of Blood should apply to any helpless infant victimized by the enemies of the Church.

### ***Eucharistic Bread Only***

*A non-Catholic friend wishes to know why, during Mass, the priest partakes of the chalice, while others receive only the Eucharistic Bread.—A. C., DEARBORN, MICH.*

Because the Real Presence is entire under the appearances of bread as well as wine, and for obvious sanitary reasons. Recently and for the latter reason, a Protestant denomination decided upon bread merely dipped in wine, though agreeing to provide communion under both forms for those who insisted.

### ***Please File Your "Sign Post?"***

Day after day, we receive dozens of inquiries from those who, presumably, are either new readers of the "Sign Post" or who have forgotten what they have read within recent months. Information service to hundreds of inquirers, coupled with space limitation, does not permit repetition. Hence, we recommend that you retain your copies of the "Sign Post" for ready reference. Up-to-date libraries under Catholic auspices have THE SIGN on file.





Expellees, destitute except for the clothes on their backs, go into war-torn Germany.

**Driven from home, not by bombs but by inhuman agreements, the Expellees are the most dispossessed, the most abandoned people in Europe today**



They left cosy farm homes and now live in old barracks.

● Men, women, and children, herded across frontiers like so many cattle thrown out of their fields—this was the Europe of 1945, 1946, and 1947. Frontiers became sacred things, and man, the living temple of the Holy Ghost, was herded across these frontiers. In this way, the uneasy peace through which we now live was ushered in.

The expelled peoples came from Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugoslavia, where their ancestors had lived for hundreds of years. Others came from East Prussia, Pomerania, and Silesia, where they were on their own soil until these territories changed hands. Europe's Expellees number between eleven and twelve million. Their expulsion came about as a result of the Potsdam Agreement and was based on an exploded theory of mass or racial guilt. These Expellees are a dead weight on the recovery of Europe and a deader weight on the consciences of right-thinking men and women.



With paint and flowers, they try to make it homelike.



Mother and three children live in a room in back of a barn. The father is a slave laborer in Russia. The family was expelled in his absence.

The less fortunate live twenty families to a room in the abandoned hotels and castles of Austria and Germany. Picture shows family living in corner of room.



— A Sign Picture Article —



Family of Volga Germans who escaped forced repatriation. The father was captured and is now a slave laborer in Siberia.

Expellee priests (there are more than two thousand) try to console these unfortunate people who smile so infrequently. They cannot forget the homes they left behind.





The aged, uprooted from their own farms, are now forced to cultivate the lands of others—no other choice but death by starvation.

Thousands of young boys, homeless and without families, are gathered into youth homes by Caritas, agency of German Catholic Charities.



Photo above, children of the dispossessed are shown in a makeshift classroom in the barracks. The ideals of democracy are hard to teach in these surroundings.

When her father was a prisoner, Walburga's mother and her nine children were expelled from their farm. Mother died, but Caritas reunited father and children.



— A Sign Picture Article —





Left, an old grandmother, sweet of nature and without bitterness, prepares a few potatoes—dinner for the family.



This little boy, like many others, knows the meaning of hunger. Caritas now feeds him.



An Expellee child faces camera near one of the barracks in Schleswig-Holstein.

Caritas probably cannot save this tubercular Expellee child. He is expected to die.



● This is a sad story. But it is sadder still, if we stop and reflect that world leaders, who justly condemned racial theories, now use them to justify mass expulsions. If you are interested in halting this injustice, we urge that you pray that God will inspire world leaders to provide international aid and protection for these Expellees. You can also help them by contributing

to War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference, the American Bishops' agency for relief abroad. War Relief Services is one of the few agencies that has helped Europe's Expellees to maintain life and faith. The American Bishops will make a nationwide appeal to your charity for these and other needy people, beginning on Laetare Sunday, March 19, 1950.

# The Evil that God Permits

by  
**GERARD ROONEY, C.P.**



**Sin, suffering, and the malice of Satan are the unlikely instruments which God uses in processing Saints**

**I**N the divine program for a truly deep and vital peace, there are two very important features: First, this true peace of Christ is something inward. God brings it into existence in our hearts. Our Lord had no intention of coming to earth, of looking out upon a sinful and corrupt human race and announcing: Have no more worry. Now that I am here I will see you are not disturbed. Everybody can just go along just as you are. Keep on doing whatever you feel like—be anything you like. Believe anything you like. Fear not; I will stand by and see you are not disturbed.

No, Our Lord had no intention of throwing the beautiful white mantle of peace over the rottenness of corrupt human nature and pretending all was well. The terrible scene of Calvary, the bitter conflict that led up to the blood and tears and toil of Our Saviour—all these things banish forever such sentimental notions of Christianity.

Secondly, He did not come to earth to make an artificial peace by taking away man's sublime privilege of free will. He did not intend to force man to be good. Forced religion is an insult to God and to man.

What Our Lord did come to earth for was to remake the heart and mind of man from within. He came to offer up His life in atonement to God for our terrible corruption—our sins. He came to clear away error from our minds by placing our minds in touch with His truth, through the light of faith. He came to clear away hypocrisy and selfishness from our hearts by placing our wills in touch with His love, through charity. He came to make us really and truly reborn to a higher life, a divine mode of life—as many of us as would receive Him—by pouring into our souls His Holy Spirit. He came not to destroy our liberty, but to make it perfect. Since we had freely walked out of Paradise, God wills that, when we walk back in, we come back freely and with clean hands.

From all this we can easily see that God's program calls for a temporary permission of evil in the world. And herein lies the great mystery of the crosses that He sends.

We must remember, first, last, and always, that God does not will evil to be; nor does God will evil not to be; but rather He wills to permit evil to be.

It would be sheer blasphemy to say that God wills evil to be. God is not the cause of evil. God is so absolutely good that it is utterly impossible for Him to do any evil. On the other hand, God does not will evil not to be. God is almighty. Whatever God wills comes to pass. If He willed that there should be no evil in the world, then, because He is all powerful, there would be no evil. There is evil, however, much evil in the world. There is evil because God wills to permit it to be. But God never permits any evil except in view of some greater good.

This truth is taught to us by Our Lord Himself in the parable of the wheat and the tares: "And he put before them another parable. Here is an image, he said, of the kingdom of heaven. There was a man who sowed his field with clean seed; but while all the world was asleep, an enemy of his came and scattered tares among the wheat, and was gone. So, when the blade had sprung up and come into ear, the tares, too, came to light; and the farmer's men went to him and said, Sir, was it not clean seed thou didst sow in thy field? How comes it, then, that there are tares in it? He said, An enemy has done it. And his men asked him, Wouldst thou then have us go and gather them up? But he said, No; or perhaps while you are gathering the tares, you will root up the wheat with them. Leave them to grow side by side till harvest, and when harvest-time comes I will give the word to the reapers. Gather up the tares first, and tie them in bundles to be burned, and store the wheat in my barn" (Matt. 13: 24-31).

The details of this story were very familiar to the Palestinian Jews to whom Our Lord told it. In Palestine, as in other Eastern countries, there is a certain type of weed that, as it grows, looks very much like the growing wheat. When some malicious person wanted to take vengeance on a farmer, he would plant the seeds of this particular weed among the farmer's newly planted wheat. It then began to grow together with the wheat.

At first it was hardly distinguishable

from the wheat, but as harvest-time neared it became clearly distinct. If the farmer tried to root it out while it was still growing up, however, there would be much danger for two reasons: First, the roots of the weed tended to intertwine with the roots of the wheat. Secondly, because, while growing, the weed looked so much like wheat that, if you tried to separate the weeds and pull them out, you might easily pull out the good wheat instead.

For these two reasons, the prudent farmer left both to grow till the time of the harvest. And, as with the farmer, so with God. The lesson Our Lord wanted to teach us is that God, too, allows evil in the world out of consideration for the good. In God's mysterious providence, evil remains on earth because in some way its removal would hurt the good.

If we just look about us, we can readily understand how this works out. Today we may see a loaf of bread on the table. We bought it from the clerk in the grocery store. The clerk worked for the owner of the store. The owner of the store got the bread from the delivery man. The delivery man got the bread from the bakery. Before baking the bread, the baker had to get flour from the miller. The miller got the wheat from the farmer. The farmer, of course, depends more immediately on God's good pleasure in making the wheat to grow.

In other words, between ourselves and that loaf of bread there are really hundreds of people working for our convenience. And, if this is true of a single loaf of bread, how about all other things?

Now just suppose any person in the world were swept off the face of the earth by the wrath of God every time he did any evil. Imagine how much poorer mankind would be. You can be sure that all the scientists and inventors that ever lived were not saints. All these thousands of people who daily minister to our needs are not saints. Even those heroic men who go to war and shed their blood that we may live are certainly not an army of saints.

Take even our own lives. None of us is perfect. There is a certain mingling of evil with good in every human heart. "If we say that we have no sin, . . . the truth is not in us" (1 John 1:8). We all stand in need of the saving grace of God. And how patiently God waits for each of us! How patiently He waits for the sinner of today to become the saint of tomorrow! How often the sinner does become the saint! And how rich the Church has become on account of the conversion of sinners—how

countless are the Magdalenes and the Augustines, who, by their penance, their true love, and learning, have enriched the Church and the life of mankind!

Well then, you may say, I can understand how God in His great mercy should tolerate a certain amount of evil, but why does He put up with so much? The answer to that, for us, is very simple. If it is a case of how much evil God shall tolerate, then we, with our puny little minds, must confess that God must be the judge of that. What we can be absolutely sure of is that God does measure the evil. God is not mocked. God takes just so much and then sends swiftly the divine judgment.

Even centuries before the coming of Christ, the wise, old, pagan philosopher Plato noticed how God's justice constantly caught up with people. "God," he said, "as the old tradition declares, holding in His hand the beginning, middle, and end of all that is, moves according to His nature in a straight line toward the accomplishment of His end. Justice always follows Him, and is the punisher of those who fall short of divine law. To that law, he who would be happy holds fast, and follows it . . . but he who is lifted up with pride, or money, or honor, or beauty; who has a soul hot with folly and youth and insolence, and thinks that he has no need of a guide or ruler, but is able himself to be a guide of others, he, I say, is left deserted of God; and being thus deserted, he takes to him others who are like himself, and dances about in wild confusion, and many think that he is a great man, but in a short time he pays the penalty which justice cannot but approve, and is utterly de-

stroyed and his family and city with him."

Plato wrote that passage over 2300 years ago. Doesn't it sound very familiar when we think of Hitler and his Nazis, or Mussolini and his Fascists? Doesn't it encourage us when we think of Stalin and his Communists?

Yes, there is indeed much evil in the world. But, whenever we tend to become discouraged, let us remember that God is still running the universe. The world is a stage on which devils and angels and men play their parts—but God is backstage! He watches over all. He it is who calls the curtain. When He wills, it rises up. And when He wills, the scene is cut—the act is closed—the curtain drops.

It is very encouraging to note the end of the story about the wheat and the tares. After Our Lord told the parable to the people, He left them and went back into the house. "There his disciples came to him, and said, Explain to us the parable of the tares in the field. He answered, It is the Son of Man that sows the good seed. The field is the world, and the sons of the kingdom are the good seed; the sons of the wicked one are the tares. The enemy that sowed them is the devil, and the end of the world is the harvest; it is reaped by the angels. The tares were gathered together and burned in the fire, and so it will be when the world is brought to an end; the Son of Man will give charge to his angels, and they will gather up all that gives offense in his kingdom, all those who do wickedly in it, and will cast them into the furnace of fire, where there will be weeping, and gnashing of teeth. Then, at last, the just will shine out, clear as the sun, in their Father's kingdom. Listen, you that have ears to hear with" (Matt. 13: 36-44).

Yes, one day it will all have an end—all conflict, sorrow, and pain. God's divine revelation, from the first book of the Bible to the last, is very insistent upon this. And then God and His friends will live forever in God's own kingdom—in endless peace and joy.

Meanwhile, we live in a troubled world. In His own flesh and soul, Our Lord tasted its imperfection. He entered the world through the wretched poverty of Bethlehem and left it through the terrible pain of Calvary. He knows even by experience the nature of the crosses He asks us each to bear. Despite the evil that surrounds us, the hardship that presses down on us, He stands by each of us, reassuringly telling us, "For those who love God, all things work unto good" (Ro. 8:28).

God never permits any evil except in view of a greater good.

## THE LISTENER

by ARTHUR W. PEACH

*He hears them  
Who call Him  
In the bright day,  
The twilight dim.*

*They have found Him  
Everywhere—  
On battlefields,  
Alone at prayer,*

*In the desert's peace,  
The forest's hush,  
The lonely seas,  
The city's crush.*

*So has it been,  
So shall it be:  
Call Him, He answers,  
Eternally!*



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Hopes and Fear

THIS MONTH I WANTED to express somehow my slightly confused hopes and fears about the new year before us, and during the past week I came across two remarks that somewhat crystallized my own reactions.

One is by Vannevar Bush, the atom scientist: "A poem can touch truths that go beyond those estimated by test tubes and needles on instruments. . . . Faith and skill in democracy can build a world of peace." And from a Montreal paper of years ago come these phrases to one who spoke of the cruelty and harshness in the world: "Oh say not, there is no longer charity. The world is full of it. . . . Let us believe and hope; for hope, like life, is the happiness of life here below."

When I was in Montreal last month, I saw everywhere I went evidence of the aliveness of the Catholic Faith in the Catholic heart. The city is full of living memorials which prove love and charity do not die.

One memorial is that of a Frenchwoman who came to the little fort it then was, her whole desire to teach Indian children the Faith; today Marguerite Bourgeoys' Sisters of Notre Dame are still there, but a goodly company now, still teaching and bringing children to God. A hundred years ago Madame Gamelin, a fashionable lady of the city, opened a refuge for aged women, and later set aside a room for a few feeble-minded and one for several deaf-mutes. Today in Montreal there are the successors of that small endeavor: homes for the aged founded by her Sisters of Providence, a many-hundred-acred asylum—a city really—for the insane called the House of St. John of God, and a large institution where many deaf-mutes are educated to lead a normal life.

In our country the Good Shepherd Sisters carry on their work for the hurt and the lost. The Little Sisters of the Poor shelter the aged. The Sisters of Charity take in homeless babies and give them love and protection. The Franciscan and Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor go to any home that needs them. And they do all this regardless of creed or color or nation.

## A Savage Age?

AND THESE ARE ONLY the Catholic works of mercy. Consider the long list also of Protestant and Jewish works of mercy. Even if some of these latter do not work as the Catholic works—with the idea that the help given is for the soul as well as for the body—there is there that ethic that came into, one may say, formal being, with Christ, the deep sense of charity that is in all cultures where such an ethic forms the basis of its laws and customs.

Since there has perhaps never been so much compassion for the multitudes as in this our age, why is it that it is also, as I heard someone say recently, "the most savage of ages"? For it seems truly that, too. The prison camps of Germany, the testimony of Poland and Hungary tell us that, and these lands lived under a Christian ethic too. And we know as yet very little of the suffering in Russia.

Considering the destruction of war and its aftermath, the considerable sufferings of peace in lands in Europe, we must

realize that unless the believing elements in the world—for this is surely more a spiritual than a material conflict which faces us—come together and stay together in unselfishness, the angels of light will suffer a temporary and perhaps lengthy defeat. I read recently that the Red Chinese government has placed fifteen million dollars worth of orders for arms in France, Belgium, and Spain, and that the concerns which obtained the orders were told they would be paid in American dollars direct from America. If that is true it makes one feel singularly helpless, knowing all that this involves. Will men never learn—or at least that small hard core of them who control the finances and wars of the world? Is all the pity, all the kindness and love which fill the earth, to come to nothing because a few men are completely blind and the rest of us careless or asleep?

Why is it that in this most humane age, in which we not only care for our own poor and sick and orphaned but go out to care for the world's helpless, why is it that all these efforts may prove useless against the forces not only of evil but of stupidly selfish men of business, state, and university?

A brilliant priest of long experience said to me recently that the present or the near future will see the end of Christianity as we know it, that the pagans are overwhelming it. It will rise again, he says—with a longer range optimism than I can summon—in some other land, some Slavic country perhaps. Is he right? Will all the units for good, all the charity and kind hearts, count for nothing because some men who fear a storm are steering us onto the rocks? I for one cannot quite accept it. I have a feeling, a hope, that the women of the world will not allow it to happen.

## Women Can Do It

THERE ARE MANY WOMEN among us with plenty of common sense; there are women of brilliance and wisdom, women full of compassion. There are thousands in all lands to whom a future war is a personal matter, women who grow sick at heart when they think of their boys growing up to another shattering war. I know how they feel. I have had many letters telling me so, and I know that such major columnists as Dorothy Thompson and Mrs. Roosevelt have received countless letters on the subject.

Perhaps it is time for women to start housecleaning on a cosmic scale. When you see a cartoon showing someone cleaning house, it is never a man but a woman, broom in one hand, dustpan in the other, a towel round her head, a big apron about her waist, a determined look on her face. Perhaps it is time to bring on the utensils and start housecleaning before the world gets impossible to live in. Even if the twelfth hour is not yet here, we must be getting perilously close to it.

Women can do it if only they will become filled with an angry pity at seeing what is being done to the fair house of the world. We have heard a great deal about the sword of the spirit. Perhaps it is time to use now the broom of the spirit.

My prayer for this new year is that we may find the new broom that will really sweep the world clean.

HOW

# Ambitious

by JOHN J. RYAN

## CAN YOU GET?

The lovely Gloria had plans for the future—and they didn't include a fellow who had nothing but love to offer

TILL I was nearly thirty years old I thought I was short and fat. Then I met Gloria. She said I was nothing of the sort. I was rotund. How could I help falling in love with her?

The night after I met her I went up to the leader.

"Sam," I say. "When you introduce me tonight during that funny hat bit, please don't say 'short, fat, and lovable bass player.'"

"Why?" he cracks. "Have you gotten tall and thin?"

"No Sam," I say. "But a guy's got feelings."

"Feelings," Sam says.

"Please, Sam," I persist. "Call me rotund."

"Back to the bass," says Sam. "I can't pronounce 'rotund.' You're still short and fat. The 'lovable' I just throw in."

It really doesn't bother me much, but it bothers Gloria. She blows up when I tell her. Then she's got a new scheme. She says I should plan on getting some place like Dick Haymes or Crosby. I should sing ballads instead of just novelty numbers. I go to Sam again.

"You sing ballads?" he says. "Look, lard. The trend is the other way. The seven lean years are here. They could slice three Sinatras off you and you'd still be too much. Back."

So I went back to the bass and wore a funny hat when they played the "Too Fat Polka" and drew a lot of laughs on "Five by Five," but inside I'm upset. I'm in love.

"Gloria," I say a few nights later. "I am in love with you. Honest and true. I want you to be my wife."

I say this over a cup of coffee in a place on Sixth Avenue not far from where the band is playing. It may not

be the most romantic spot in the world, but I can hold this in no longer.

"Look, Jack," she says tenderly, taking my hand. "I love you too, every ounce, but I will not marry a man with no ambition."

I feel terribly desolate.

"But, Gloria, I got ambition, but what am I going to do with it?"

"Get your own band," she says so quick that I think she was waiting for the cue. "Then I'll quit dancing and we'll get a little place and . . ."

"But, Gloria," I say. "You don't just get bands. It takes dough, and besides bass players don't lead bands."

"Well, okay," she says. "My old man had no ambition and us kids wound up with nothing. Me and my sister hoofing for a living. I want a man with ambition."

Me get a band. The idea is fantastic. The only bass player who led a band I'd ever heard of was a guy who had a micky outfit in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and he sings, plays bass, and squirts seltzer at the chorus line.

I call Gloria every day for a week, but she's never in or that sister of hers makes excuses. Finally, in desperation, I go around to their apartment. Gloria ain't in and neither is her sister, but Donna answers the door. Donna is their roommate. She does a strip act in the Village, and when she answers the door she looks strange with a book in her hand.

"Getting culture?" I ask, friendly like.

"Lissen," she says. "I'm getting a new apartment. Those two sisters got me nuts. Ever since they moved in it's ambition, ambition, ambition. It's got me down. Tonight she buys me a book

to improve my mind. And what a book. Look at all them pages."

I heft the book. It's heavy. It's called *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and it's by a guy named Burton. I never heard of it.

"Look," I say. "What am I going to do? She won't have nothing to do with me unless I get my own band."

"Then," says Donna, "go get one. These two kids are really hipped on that ambition stuff."

This remark brings me no pleasure.

"By the way," I say, casual like. "Where is she?"

"She ain't in," says Donna. "She's out. Out with Sam."

"Sam?" I ask. "You mean Sam Spiegel?" He is the guy who owns the club where Gloria dances.

"Naw," says Donna. "Sam Jentz, the bandleader."

I leave quietly. This is fine. Just fine. For the first time in three decades of living I fall in love and then a trombone-playing leader who pulls down a grand a week makes the snatch.

From then on the leader is very preoccupied. Even Herm the second trumpet notices it and remarks. I keep thinking of him and Gloria and the fancy places he must be taking her and it hurts. My pride causes me to stop phoning Gloria and my playing gets ragged. For once the leader shows no ire at this. He has a faraway look.

This goes on for about two weeks, and then one night Sam calls me to one side during a break.

"Jack," he says. "I'm quitting. I'm breaking up the band."

Just like that. No warning.

"I haven't the heart to tell the guys."

"But, Sam, why?" I ask astonished.

"The band's just really starting to go."

He gets the faraway look again. "True," he says. "But what am I, after all? Just another bandleader. Jack, I'm going back to college."

I sit down. This is a real shock.

"Yes," he says. "Back to my law studies. You've got to move up in this world. You've got to have ambition."

"But why?" I ask weakly, knowing what the answer is going to be and afraid to hear it.

"A dame," Sam says. "I mean a girl. I'm going to settle down and get married."

I could almost hear the crunch when my heart broke.

"I understand," I say, but I'm really dragging. I call the boys together and I tell them. They are stunned too.

"After all this work," says Whip, the drummer. "Just when the outfit was really clicking. Oh, well, Dorsey was after me a while ago."

"I might try and get a studio job on the coast," says Herm.

"Wait a minute," says a voice from the side, a familiar voice. My heart flips. It's Gloria. But she doesn't look at me. She glares at the band. The guys cringe a little under that look.

"Haven't you men any ambition?" Nobody answers. They look around sheepishly. "Just because the leader leaves, you're going to give up something that took three years to build." She shot them a withering look.

It was Herm who spoke up. "But, lady," he says. "You got to have a leader—a guy with personality and talent. This we ain't no longer got."

"What's the matter with Jack?" asks Gloria. "He sings. He's got personality."

I think of a million reasons why not. But the boys can't. "Why not?" they ask. And, like that, I'm a bandleader.

I'm overcome by this until I remember about Sam and law school and

Gloria. Then I am not so happy. Not so happy at all.

"Thanks, Gloria," I say. "And best of luck to you and Sam."

"I did a good job on Sam," she answers. "But it took time. He and my sister are getting married next week."

"Your sister!" I take her in my arms.

We were married the day after the band got signed for that cigarette show you hear us on. We're very happy, Gloria and me. And I'm not complaining, you understand, not a bit. It's just that leading a band all night and taking courses in chemical engineering at Columbia daytimes leaves a guy tired.

You see, Gloria is very ambitious for me. She keeps telling me how well her brother-in-law, Sam the lawyer, is doing, but gosh . . . how ambitious can you get?

*She glares at the band. "Haven't you men any ambition?" she asks*



ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MAZOUJIAN



## Sports Night in Buffalo

Blasted at last is the twenty-eight-year-old myth that Eddie Eagan, New York State boxing chairman and former amateur and Olympic boxing champion, could have beaten Jack Dempsey and gone on to win the heavyweight title had he chosen the manly art of self-defense as a profession. And who did away with the age-old thought? None other than Colonel Eagan himself.

It happened at the recent annual Sports Dinner of the Buffalo Athletic Club at which the writer was the toastmaster. Introduced by yours truly as an outstanding student at Yale and Harvard, a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, an Olympic Champion in both boxing and bobsledding, former light-heavyweight amateur boxing champion, and the man who could have won the professional heavyweight title if he had wanted it, Eagan retaliated:

"I'll blast that pro championship story right now."

Then, with a serious look on his face and a twinkle in his eye, the good-looking New York State boxing chairman went on to tell of his one and only fight with the old Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey.

Said Eagan: "I was out in Colorado where I had gotten a pretty good reputation as an amateur battler. Some of the civic-minded folks decided to arrange a charity match between Dempsey, heavyweight champ, and myself, an amateur titleholder. Ringwise, I rated pretty high around those parts and plenty of interest was steamed up for the fight. As the day of the bout

approached, my friends kept coming up to me to say that I could take Dempsey. After a while I began to think that there might be some truth in the thought at that. So I planned to take charge of the fight right at the start and, if I could, to knock out the heavyweight champion of the world. I decided to get in the first punch. When the opening bell sounded I tore across the ring at Dempsey who moved out of his corner leisurely. I threw a right hand that caught Dempsey flush on the chin. I thought the blow had enough force behind it to knock down the Statue of Liberty.

"It didn't even budge Dempsey. The champ just smiled and then he hooked a left to my chin. I thought the building had fallen in on me. Millions of brilliantly colored fireworks went flashing through my head. I started down but I never hit the canvas. Dempsey grabbed me and held me up till my head cleared. 'Take it easy now, Son,' he said as he waltzed me around the ring. 'This is a charity match and it's supposed to go three rounds.'

"After that we just boxed, and it went the limit while the crowd cheered the exhibition. When it was over I decided to go to college!"

# SPORTS...

by **DON DUNPHY**

Eagan also mentioned his meeting with Gene Tunney just after World War I in France.

"I told Tunney he ought to go to Yale with me, that with his build he'd make a fine football player. That's how much I thought of his boxing ability.

"But Gene said, 'I have something else to do. I'm going to be world heavyweight boxing champion.'

"I thought of Dempsey and my own little bout with him," continued Colonel Eagan, "and I looked at Gene with raised eyebrows. But I guess Tunney knew more about it than I did."

The roster of celebrities at the Buffalo Athletic Club Dinner read pretty much like a Who's Who of the sporting world. Besides Eagan there was Bob Feller, one of baseball's great pitchers. Bob said that after so much barnstorming he was glad to get back to a square meal. Feller also remarked that often a rookie will come up to him at the Cleveland Indians' training camp and remark:

"Gosh it's good to meet you Mr. Feller. When I was a kid you were my idol."

"That," remarked Bob, "would make me feel pretty old. And I'm only thirty-one."



At the Buffalo A.C. dinner, left to right, Don Dunphy; New York State Boxing Commissioner Eddie Eagan; Chet Mutryn, Buffalo Bills' halfback; and James T. Dunnigan

Other celebrities at the dinner included Clem Crowe, coach of the All-American Conference Buffalo Bills, and George Ratterman, his ace T-formation quarterback. Incidentally somewhat of a pall was thrown over the dinner, for the story had just broken that Ratterman wouldn't be with Buffalo next season having signed with the Bulldogs of the rival National League.

Also present were Joe Wilman of Chicago, three times national bowling champion; Al Wistert and Pete Pihos of the football champion Philly Eagles; Willie Mosconi, billiard champion; Lou Montgomery, Cornell track coach; Billy Talbert, tennis star; baseball players Sibby Sisti and Stan Rojek and ex-star, Ken O'Dea; Chet Mutryn of the Bills; Jimmy Dunnigan, president of Buffalo raceway; and a host of others.

The Buffalo Athletic Club Dinner has grown in stature until it has become one of the big sports functions of the land. F. Warren Mundie, president of the club, and E. Reed Low, chairman of the Sports Night Committee, and his assistant, Jim Drago, are to be congratulated.

#### **Pentti Lund**

I'd like you to meet Pentti Lund from Helsinki. He is probably the only Finn who ever played in the National Hockey League. Pentti is a right shot who played on the right side throughout his amateur and minor pro career but was switched to left wing when he joined the New York Rangers last season. He was the top scoring rookie in the N.H.L. from the beginning to the end of the campaign and was rewarded by the Calder Memorial Trophy Committee which voted him rookie-of-the-year honors. Lund was the unnamed "extra" man involved in the ill-fated Taylor-Warwick trade between the Rangers and Boston two years ago, but by his work the "ill-fated" slant has vanished completely. Instead, the New York sextet has benefitted immeasurably. Pentti was the scoring ace of the Eastern Amateur Hockey League when he was with the Boston Olympics. He then moved up to Hershey, where he tallied 62 points before coming to New York. He was born in Helsinki, Finland, going to Canada when he was six. Pentti was the senior Lund on that voyage, for he was escorting his four-year-old brother, Joe, to the new family home in Ontario.

"Most Valuable Rookie" is the tag newsmen and sportscasters around the N.H.L. circuit gave Lund last May when they voted him the Calder Cup, the trophy awarded each spring to the first-year player they select as tops in the loop. Pentti is the fourth Blueshirt

to capture the Calder honors, his immediate Ranger predecessor being Edgar Laprade, his Port Arthur neighbor who won the cup in 1945-46. A big factor in Lund's selection was his scoring total of 30 points—the best freshman record in the league last year. Among the Rangers he tied Laprade for third place, finishing only behind veterans Buddy O'Connor and Alex Kaleta in the scoring race.

#### **The Jaspers' Track Coach**

In his fourth year as head coach of track, field, and cross-country at Manhattan College, George Eastment has brought the Jaspers to rank among the top track teams in the nation. The Kelly Green, under Eastment, has annexed three Metropolitan Intercollegiate cross-country titles in four years (1947, '48, '49), and also took top honors in the I.C.4-A. harrier championships in '47. This season his squad placed second to Army in the I.C.4-A.'s for a more-than-mild upset, beating out such favored clubs as Michigan State, Penn State, and Syracuse.

In the indoor and outdoor seasons his team has not had quite as phenomenal success, but it has always been up near the top in both National A.A.U. and I.C.4-A. championships. This coming indoor season, Eastment figures to take the Metropolitan title and also put up a fine battle in the other important meets.

He came to Jasperville in February, 1946 after tremendous success at Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School. While at Loughlin, where he stayed for eighteen years, he was acclaimed by

*Life* magazine as the "best high school coach in the United States."

A graduate of St. Augustine's High School and Georgetown's Law School and a key member of the Georgetown championship mile relay team, Eastment credits his success to coaching patience and close contact with his runners.

#### **Kentucky Derby Director**

Seldom has there been such rejoicing in the sports world as greeted the announcement that my good friend and broadcasting associate, Bill Corum, had been chosen to succeed the late Colonel Matt Winn as director of the Kentucky Derby. Seldom has there been such a unanimity of opinion as to the fitness of an individual for a sports job, and it's generally agreed that the post Bill has been chosen to fill ranks at the top of the sports world.

It's another deserved feather in the cap of one of the finest persons on the sporting scene, and incidentally Bill's cap is already well filled with feathers. Youngest major in World War I and war correspondent in the late struggle, he has in the intervening years been one of our outstanding personalities. Top sports columnist for the New York *Journal-American* and ace broadcaster on Gillette's *Cavalcade of Sports* every Friday night, Bill brings to his new post an experience unequaled in sports.

It was Bill who termed the famous race classic "The Run for the Roses," and come next May it will be the Major himself who will be presenting the famed garland to the owner of the winner. Good luck, Bill.



*Above, George Eastment, track coach at Manhattan College*

*Right, Pentti Lund, National Hockey League's only Finn*





*Bishop Waters visits Washington, North Carolina*

A RECENT phone call brought me an amusing request. "Next time you're up Boston-way, would you be good enough to get in touch with the pastor of the Catholic church and obtain for me some information regarding the address of Thomas J. Murphy, an ex-Marine who formerly was stationed at Cherry Point, North Carolina?" "Surely," says I, "and what is the pastor's name and the name of his church?" "Oh," says my friend, "Is there more than one church in Boston?" It sounds unbelievable but it's true. My friend was informed immediately that in the Archdiocese of Boston there are close to four hundred parishes, attended by approximately fifteen hundred priests. He was startled. And so would you be, if you were a native and a resident of eastern North Carolina. We hear so much, and we can never hear too much, about the vastness of the foreign mission field. But how few realize that right here in the U.S.A. there are millions of souls who know little or nothing of the teachings of Christ and His Church!

It was the pitiable picture presented by the Diocese of Raleigh, North Carolina, back in 1928, that inspired the Superiors of the Passionists of the Eastern Province to send missionaries into that neglected vineyard of the Lord. Their work was to be exclusively among the poor and neglected Negroes. How pitiable was the picture? Consider these eloquent statistics. The Raleigh diocese takes in the whole state of North Carolina. Fifty-two thousand square miles in area, the 1940 population was 3,484,092. When the Passionists took over their first Negro mission in Washington, North Carolina, there were approximately thirty priests in the diocese, and only twenty-one parishes

with resident priests. The total Catholic population at that time was less than 7500.

Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., was the first Passionist to take over a pastorate in the diocese. He arrived in Washington on January 12, 1928, and took up the work begun by that zealous Josephite, Father Charles Hannigan. Father Hannigan left Washington to start another parish in the diocese. Father Mark was fifty years a priest when he arrived at Mother of Mercy Mission. But the work that lay before him did not discourage him in the least. The little school, made up of three classrooms with an enrollment of a hundred pupils (all non-Catholic) was conducted by three Immaculate Heart Sisters from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Why waste three Sisters and a priest on five parishioners and a hundred Protestant children? What was it that Christ once said? "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold . . . them also must I bring . . ." Father Mark well knew that his work was not merely to

be a shepherd of his little flock, but to get out to the highways and the back roads to preach and teach the poor Negroes who knew little or nothing of the story of Christ their Saviour.

Catholic parishes in our larger cities have very clearly defined limits. It is not so in eastern North Carolina. You may be interested in a quotation from the recent book of statutes governing the Diocese of Raleigh. "Mother of Mercy parish, Washington, North Carolina, embraces all of Beaufort and Hyde counties, and also the towns of Beargrass, Jamesville, and Griffin in Martin County." What a parish! It comprises an area of approximately fourteen hundred square miles, and a population of approximately eighteen thousand Negroes! Only God knows how many thousands in the area of this one parish have never heard the story of their Redemption! The town of Washington has a total population of nine thousand, which includes three thousand Negroes. (The figures are approximate.) We feel safe in asserting that a great number of these Negroes have no definite church affiliation.

What is true of our Passionist parish in Washington, N. C., is similarly true of our other two parishes in eastern North Carolina—St. Joseph's in New Bern, and St. Gabriel's in Greenville. St. Joseph's parish embraces all Craven County, and in Craven County there must be at least ten or twelve thousand Negroes in its six hundred square miles. Father Julian Endler, C.P., the present pastor, has been working zealously in this mission field for twenty-one years, striving to win for Christ the souls of the *other sheep*. When Father Julian took charge of this little mission in May, 1928, it was in a sad and sorry shape. The rectory was a four-room,



*Fr. Julian, C.P., of New Bern*

The mission of the Catholic Church  
for all time is the salvation  
of souls for God's honor and glory.  
Read an interesting sketch of

## The Passionists in Dixieland

by MAURICE TEW, C.P.



tin-roofed wooden shack. The convent was unfit as a home for hard-working Sisters. The school, consisting of three classrooms, was a poor excuse for a parochial institution. And the church? Well, if you knew the churches of eastern North Carolina in those days, as poor as they were, St. Joseph's was the most pitiful edifice in the town.

The third of the present parishes conducted by the Passionists, and the most recently established, is St. Gabriel's in Greenville, North Carolina. According to diocesan statutes, St. Gabriel's parish embraces all of Greene County, and all of Pitt County except the townships of Belvoir, Bethel, and Carolina. These three Passionist parishes are greater in area than the Boston archdiocese, and more than twice as large as the Brooklyn diocese! Within the limits of St. Gabriel's parish there are approximately thirty thousand Negroes. When the Provincial Superior appointed the new pastor to St. Gabriel's, he said to him, "I am hereby appointing you pastor of the Negro parish in Greenville, North Carolina." But there was a twinkle in his eye, for he was holding back the "big news," namely, that in Greenville, North Carolina there was no church or rectory. That was quite reasonable, for there were no Catholics! But thanks to His Excellency, Bishop William J. Hefey, D.D., present Bishop of Scranton (but at that time Bishop of Raleigh), the new pastor was presented a spacious field, overgrown with weeds. The weeds were parish property, but not the cow which was peacefully grazing on the field. "Bossy" had a very sad look in her eye, and so did the pastor!

There in brief is a description of how the Passionists started in the Diocese of Raleigh, North Carolina. Now you may be interested in learning what the Passionists have done in these parishes. Thank God, and thanks to our good benefactors, much progress has been made. In mission work of this type, two particular jobs must be done. The one, physical or material; the other, spiritual. Property must be purchased for the building of a church, a rectory, a school and a convent, and, later on, a hall or auditorium. Then, of course, there are the spiritual works of making converts and safeguarding and fostering the faith of the newly baptized. There is also another very important work to be done by the missionary. It goes hand in hand with, or, to be more correct, precedes the work of conversion. We refer to the very important and very difficult task of breaking down and dispelling bigotry and prejudice. I'm sorry to say these exist in North Carolina, but we are happy to add that they are born, not of deliberate malice,

but rather of excusable ignorance. How truly we Catholics can agree with Cardinal Gibbons, who, in describing the bigotry of some Protestants of his day, declared, "Had I been educated as they were and surrounded by an atmosphere hostile to the Church, perhaps I should be unfortunate enough to be breathing vengeance against her today, instead of consecrating my life to her defense."

I shall now get back to the question: "What have the Passionists accomplished in North Carolina?" To begin with, material foundations have been well laid. Property has been purchased, buildings have been erected. Mother of Mercy Mission in Washington, whose pastor is Father John Joseph Endler, C.P., and St. Joseph's Mission in New Bern, whose pastor is Father Julian Endler, C.P., can be justly proud of two of the finest Negro parochial schools in the diocese. Both schools are staffed by those zealous, hard-working Immac-

ulate Heart Sisters from Scranton. And both schools are accredited by the State Board of Education. Both schools comprise grade and high school. Each of these parishes is now a complete unit, with a church, school, convent, rectory, and auditorium. There are four Passionists working at Mother of Mercy Mission, and three at St. Joseph's, New Bern.



Fr. Maurice Tew, C.P., and Catholics at Greenville

St. Gabriel's, Greenville, is still in its swaddling clothes, not old enough to do any boasting. However, the little flock of fifty or more is quite proud of its little brick church, the rectory, and the new hall which is used for social affairs and also for religious instruction classes. There are two Passionists attached to this parish. Property has been recently purchased for a convent, adjacent to the property acquired for a school. The pastor of St. Gabriel's has the faith (or is it just an idea), or the hope, that some good benefactor, having

read this article, will sit right down and write a letter to the Passionist Missionaries, Union City, New Jersey, and simply say, "The enclosed check for \$50,000 is for the school and convent of St. Gabriel's, Greenville." Just like that!

We conclude by answering one more question: "How have these missionaries accomplished all this . . . how do they manage to keep going?" Here we gladly pay a very sincere tribute to those pioneer Passionists, men like saintly Father Egbert Albert, C.P. (God rest his soul), men who zealously labored in the Diocese of Raleigh long before the Passionists took over the care of regular parishes. These missionaries, working from the chapel car, skirted the larger cities that they might go into the back roads and the backwoods evangelizing the poor and the ignorant. Only God has kept a record of the good they accomplished, but we, the present-

day missionaries, know how much easier they made our path, and we are grateful.

Still answering the question, "How have the Passionists accomplished what they have?" last, but not least, they have done so because of the continued help of loyal friends and benefactors. Without a doubt, these three Passionist parishes for Negroes would not be what they are today if it were not for the sacrificing charity of our good benefactors. Truly can it be said that our missions were built with the pennies of the poor. They have the fervent, frequent prayers of the priests and Sisters, the prayers of our little flock. To them we say, and it comes from the heart, "Thanks a million and may God bless and prosper you!" And, both here and hereafter, may they receive a most generous reward for the part they played in the work of the Passionists in Dixie. Their charity brought glory to God.

There may be abundant agitation over the question of Church and State, but peace in this world hinges greatly on the friendships made by the missionaries of the Church

# The Catholic Church works with UNESCO

by **WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.**


**T**HERE are two great world organizations that are working for peace. They are the Catholic Church and the United Nations. The Catholic Church is working for peace in this world as the best condition for the attainment of the happiness of men in the world hereafter, while the United Nations strives for world peace as its ultimate goal and is not concerned with anything beyond this.

Both the Catholic Church and the United Nations are also working for the welfare and happiness of men here and now in this world. The Catholic Church does so because she knows that the lack of social and material advantages can often be the occasion for the loss of eternal happiness. For example, men will not be able to give much thought to their souls if their bodies are enthralled by disease and racked with pain. Drunkenness, often peculiarly prevalent among certain peoples, may be greatly due to the lack of protein in the diet. The sin of fratricide can be due to the bad laws partitioning the land among heirs, affording the occasion for strife among brothers. So there can be a distinct connection between material and eternal benefits, and because of this the Church works for the temporal as well as eternal happiness of men.

The United Nations, on the other hand, works for the material betterment of men as a means to world peace. Discontent and misery engendered by ignorance, disease, and excessive poverty among the peoples of a nation can easily fester into envy and hatred of more fortunate peoples. The more fortunate in their turn can look upon

the former as easy prey for conquest. With this psychological antagonism trifles can spark a war. So the United Nations, through its specialized agencies popularly known as UNESCO, works for the material betterment of the peoples of the earth as a means to world peace.

It is especially in foreign, underdeveloped countries that the agencies of the Catholic Church—the Foreign Missionary Societies—and those of the United Nations—the specialized agencies collectively grouped as UNESCO—come face to face with each other. In many places both are working among the same people and for the identical goal. For example, UNESCO sends a World Health Organization (WHO) team to a country like India to raise the health standard of the people by teaching them elementary hygiene and inoculating them against the endemic diseases of the East. Wherever this team goes in India it will find the Catholic Church, each mission with its dispensary, where the people are being vaccinated against smallpox, inoculated against typhoid, typhus, and cholera, and basic remedies are handed out for their myriad ailments. For the Church in her foreign missions follows the program laid down by Christ to His Apostles: "Into what city soever you enter, heal the sick that are therein." Or a Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) team will go to a South American country to teach the people better agricultural methods that will yield richer harvests. There they will find the Catholic Church ahead of them with her agricultural schools teaching the people how to husband the earth,



Bishop O'Gara views the hospital

prevent soil erosion, and reap more from their small holdings. It is the same with every agency of UNESCO that sends its teams into foreign lands. It finds the Church there first, doing the very work it came to do.

The officials of UNESCO admit this and have been generous in their praise of what Catholic Missionaries are doing to better the material life of the peoples of the earth. They are aware of the mutual advantage to the Catholic Church and to UNESCO there would be in collaboration, and realize the Missionaries, by their knowledge of the people, the customs, and language of the country, coupled with their scientific ability, are just the very experts they are searching for to prosecute the programs of UNESCO. The Missionaries, limited as they are in the personnel and resources of their respective societies, would find their power for good incalculably increased with the scientific information, techniques, and resources of UNESCO behind them.

UNESCO is most anxious to bring about this collaboration. Time after time they have sought for missionary experts, capable of manning these field teams sent out from the United Nations, or co-operating with them when they come to mission countries. UNESCO is also constantly seeking information and facts about distant parts of the world which the Church through her missionary experience is qualified to furnish. These inquiries have been for the most part, addressed to the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and in particular to its Director of Social Action, Rev. Raymond Mc-

Gowan. Father McGowan has been greatly handicapped in responding to these appeals due to the variety and complexity of the Church missionary societies and to the lack of an American centralized bureau of complete mission information. To consider this problem, with the endorsement and encouragement of His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman, a conference of the superiors and representative members of the various missionary societies was called by the Social Action and Education Departments of the NCWC. This conference was held at Maryknoll September 6-8.

The purpose of the conference was outlined in the opening statement by Cardinal Spellman's delegate, the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.:

1. To create an awareness among missionary societies of the problems arising in governmental and nongovernmental circles which so vitally touch the world missions of the Church.

2. Not to make Church policy on these matters, for that is made in Rome, but to give a practical application of that policy to the problems at hand.

3. To furnish a means of co-operation between mission societies and non-religious world organizations who are disposed to profit by the experience of mission workers and who are not opposed to the employment of their facilities by the Catholic Church in mission lands.

For seven hours of each of the three days, the assembled delegates—six Bishops, fifty priests, mostly Superiors, and twenty Sisters—considered these questions. In a series of addresses by able authorities of the Church and the United Nations, the delegates were made aware of this inter-relation between these two organizations. Officials from Lake Success explained the various agencies of UNESCO, their composition, purpose, and mode of operation. The benefit of mutual co-operation and collaboration to the Church and UNESCO was evident as the speakers explained in detailed examples how

the work of both converge. The manner of bringing about this co-operation and collaboration was probed in full detail. The importance which the officials of UNESCO attached to this conference was evidenced by the valued time they gave to it, in the case of many at great personal inconvenience. One instance is typical. One official, the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers, had only a few hours before returned to this country after lengthy work at Geneva, and, weary as he must have been, came directly to address the conference. The interest of these officials and the wealth of information imparted were deeply appreciated by those at the conference, and undoubtedly the sincerity, capability, and high purpose of these officials enhanced the regard and hope of the churchmen for UNESCO.

The need for an agency of co-operation on the part of the Church with UNESCO was apparent after such talks as that of Monsignor Hochwalt, the Head of the Department of Education of the NCWC. Monsignor cited as an instance the request he received from the Rockefeller Foundation for a Catholic expert in the scientific field prepared to go to South America. After twenty-two requests to prominent Catholic institutions, he had to admit failure—not because of a dearth of such Catholic experts, but due to obstacles that prevented such experts from accepting, and the post went to a Columbia University man.

Monsignor Ligutti, the head of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, and the Vatican observer on FAO, graphically established the relationship between health and religion, between agriculture and religion. It is not enough to baptize; we must improve man's lot over the whole earth. Recognition of the social program of the Church has already been accorded by UNESCO in the acceptance of the Catholic Co-operative Movement of Antigonish as the model for all co-operatives. Its Director, Monsignor

Coady, has been accepted as the leading authority in this field and as such was invited to address the FAO of UNESCO.

The immediate result of this conference was the unanimous approval by the delegates of a resolution proposed by the Rev. John Considine, M.M., to establish a Secretariate of the Catholic Missionary Sending Societies (C.M.S.S. Secretariate). Such a Secretariate has for two years been the plan of Father Considine of Maryknoll and the Jesuit Father Calvert Alexander. It will provide the needed liaison between the Church and such non-religious organizations as UNESCO, as well as providing a centralized bureau of information and assistance to the various missionary societies. Upon the adoption of this resolution, practical steps for the realization of the Secretariate were taken by the appointment of an executive committee of four to draft its constitution and an advisory board composed of one representative from each mission society. The committee accepted the task.

Unheralded by the secular or religious press, this conference quietly held at Maryknoll is of great significance in the history of the Catholic Church in America. The establishment of the Secretariate of the Missions will have two far-reaching results. It means a radical change in mission policy. No longer will the various missionary societies go their separate ways. Through the Secretariate all will work together, pooling their vast resources of information, techniques, and abilities for the good of all and the progress of missionary activity. It is the closing of the ranks to win the world to Christ. It also means that these same resources of the Church are marshaled and prepared for full co-operation and aid to the United Nations, through its adjunct UNESCO, for the establishment on this earth of peace among men. Great should be the results for the Cause of Christ and the Cause of Peace!



*Both the Church and UNESCO bring help to the unfortunate in many lands*



# Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

## MODERN ARMS AND FREE MEN

By Vannevar Bush.

274 pages.

Simon & Schuster, Inc.

\$3.50

This "discussion of the role of science in preserving democracy" challenges the "prophets of doom" who predict that mass atomic warfare and biological warfare are just around the corner, that "there can be no adequate defense," and that all civilization is bound to perish if there is another war. Panicky statements of this type, claiming that "the situation is so dangerous that any alternative to war is preferable," are unacceptable, Dr. Bush states, because "alternatives may well include the abandonment of our liberties, an acceptance of a new slavery as the lesser of evils." Such claims, Dr. Bush says, are not in accordance with the facts of science either, because latest developments, e.g., proximity fuses, guided missiles, jet-propelled planes, improved radar, tend to strengthen the defense rather than the offense.

Dr. Vannevar Bush headed the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development, which guided production of the atomic bomb and mustered the resources of America's scientists for the development of many new weapons. There is probably no man in the whole world who knows as much about modern arms. It is, therefore, most reassuring that he presents evidence for these two conclusions: "I believe, first, that the technological future is far less dreadful and frightening than many of us have been led to believe, and that the hopeful aspects of modern applied science outweigh by a heavy margin its threat to our civilization. I believe, second, that the democratic process is itself an asset with which, if we can find the enthusiasm and the skill to use it and the faith to make it strong, we can build a world in which all men can live in prosperity and peace."

The book describes not only the power and potentialities, but also the limitations of the atomic bomb, guided missiles, improved submarines, biolog-



V. Bush

ical and radiological warfare, etc. In the last analysis, Dr. Bush states, the future will belong not to totalitarian regimes based on fear and "crass materialism," but to those who have "faith in the dignity of man."

WILLIAM SOLZBACHER.

## THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

By Ardyth Kennelly.

375 pages.

Houghton, Mifflin Co.

\$3.00

*The Peaceable Kingdom* tells the story of a little group of Mormons living in Salt Lake City during the 1890's. Though the story is solidly imbedded in historical detail, it does not give the effect of history because the author, overcome by the comic spirit, romps through the narrative, whisking her characters in and out, even at times burlesquing them, putting into their mouths the current slang of today, cuffing them soundly whenever the action gets out of hand. "Never a dull moment" seems to be the ideal, and that is something of an achievement, but it leaves both reader and the characters exhausted.

A novelist who tries to dramatize a movement in history is almost certain to run into trouble. If he lets history decide the issues, his characters have no freedom; if he or the characters determine what is to happen, he may be laughed to scorn by every penny historian in existence. In this story, for instance, Linnea, the rather lovable heroine, finds it hard to reconcile Joseph Smith's command, directly inspired by God, as he says, to marry more than one wife and replenish the earth, with President Woodruff's signing the Manifest (likewise inspired directly by God) forbidding polygamy. That's a hard fence for anyone to straddle.

History aside, the story has talent, a talent for describing the warm, tender realities of everyday living. Linnea's struggle to keep her family together, her courage and good humor, her experiences as a midwife, the winter of the diphtheria epidemic, the death of her little boy are all described with homely realism, marred here and there by a conscious striving after vulgarity. The author can make prose serve a

number of purposes—chronicle a broad jest, pace off a tense incident, and sometimes sing and soar. Without the need to stimulate an already jaded taste by spicing up history, the novelist might have had a really good story somewhat in the manner of *I Remember Mama*.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

## LEAP TO FREEDOM

By Oksana Kasenkina.

295 pages.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

\$3.00

Oksana Kasenkina's leap from the window of the Russian consulate in New York was one of the most publicized events of the summer of 1948. What led up to it and what followed is told in this autobiographical volume, which makes both exciting and important reading. For here we have the story of the woman's birth and upbringing in the Don region where Russia joins the Ukraine: of a childhood happier and more prosperous, and a feminine education more thorough, than most people imagine among farmer families in Czarist times. Poetry and wisdom, too, are in the memories of Oksana's youth, and poignant romance in her love for the young fellow student, Damyán. But even before their marriage, World War I and the Bolshevik experiment had brought drama and even melodrama—darkened later by the tragedy of Damyán's arrest and disappearance, the death of their young son, and the ironic tangle of events which brought the woman alone to this country as science teacher for children of the official Soviet school in New York. The day-by-day description of this hotbed of propaganda, with its fanatical suspicion, spying, and duress, makes probably the most valuable part of the book, since it explains precisely what is meant by training youth "to hate his fellow man and to worship a dogma."

In her naïve little prologue, Madame Kasenkina declares that her story is told "from the heart," chiefly for the sake of the women remaining under Com-



O. Kasenkina

munist rule. She might quite as validly have written it as a warning to the women of the United States and of the Catholic Church, with both of whom she has now claimed her citizenship.

KATHERINE BREGY.

## A COMMUNIST PARTY IN ACTION

By A. Rossi. 301 pages.  
Yale University Press. \$4.00

Subtitled "An Account of the Organization and Operations in France," this book traces the activity of the French Communist Party from the time it was outlawed, following the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939, through its connivance with the German occupation, up to the period in 1942 when it had obtained a commanding position in the Resistance movement.

M. Rossi is concerned to find out what it is that makes a man a Communist. After that, he wants to know how to deal with the Communists in a democratic society. Given these aims, his study does not suffer from the fact that, as a history, it is confined to the period between 1939 and 1942. These in fact were the years during which it was perhaps hardest to be a Communist in France.

If the Communist Party could remain intact, and even strengthen itself, during this period, it is the author's contention that its appeal is deeper than economic discontent. He finds its root in the sense of communion which the Party offers its members, where each is made to feel that he has an important job to do, and where success brings with it great power. Its appeal is thus quasi religious in the sense that it offers a way of life which demands the whole man. Convinced that this *mystique* is the vital force in the Communist movement, Rossi has no confidence that a policy of repression on the part of the state can finally solve the Communist problem. The citizens themselves must meet it, he claims, by participating fully in the political struggle that is constantly being waged and by building a society in which all citizens will have a meaningful part to hold.

OTTO BIRD.

## THE ONLY GIFT

By Jane Eklund. 278 pages.  
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.75

Striving hard to keep up with the tradition-breakers, Miss Eklund has turned out a sophomore first novel. A tiresome tale of woe it becomes as it moves along through a dense fog of sentimentality. Each of Gertrude Lemming's pampered children determines to leave her elegant home in Chicago's suburbs and live his own life. The eldest son elects to suffer on, but his wife goes. One should

have unqualified freedom in choosing a way of life. In this "new" pattern there is no place for such a hamper as the moral law. It really need not be considered because it will subside rather easily. But there are other things that will not, such as "old walnut furniture burnished gold," "white curtains like a bridal veil across the window," "sets of gold spoons," and Grandmother Lemming's cherished "blue Alençon lace."

Just as a preview of what tradition kept going in high gear is supposed to do to one, I quote the rebellious daughter, Trudy, who writes copy for a mail-order house. Complaining to a young man she has just met, Trudy insists, "I don't know what I am at all. I don't know who is me, or where I belong. I only know what I think inside and no one wants it any place."

Even a modicum of satire would have helped. But the author is not yet so grown up.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

## SAINTS ARE NOT SAD

Assembled by F. J. Sheed. 441 pages.  
Sheed & Ward. \$3.75

Saints are indeed not sad, but some of their biographies have been so! Thank God that hagiography has come alive, and saints are now presented as human beings who were subject to the same frailties and temptations as the rest of us. No longer are they the impossible creatures of untried virtue, so utterly unrelated to reality as to have no meaning for practical Christians. For a saint is after all only a sinner who makes good, and in emphasizing that reality modern hagiography gives hope and encouragement where only passive veneration existed before.

Frank Sheed has here collected biographical sketches of forty saints, all done by modern writers and in the modern manner. They represent the contemplative and the active life, ranging from before the sixth century to Thérèse of Lisieux. These are not a collection of Best Saints or any other class of saints: they are simply forty saints.

The biographies are brief but provocative enough to excite curiosity and further reading into a full-length biography of any or all of the saints, included. The authors are all masters—such writers as the Jesuits Martindale, Goodier, and Stuart; Vincent McNabb, O.P., Chesterton, Belloc, and Alice Curtayne. There are the more popular saints and the lesser known. Of these latter some of the Irish lives—St.



Frank J. Sheed

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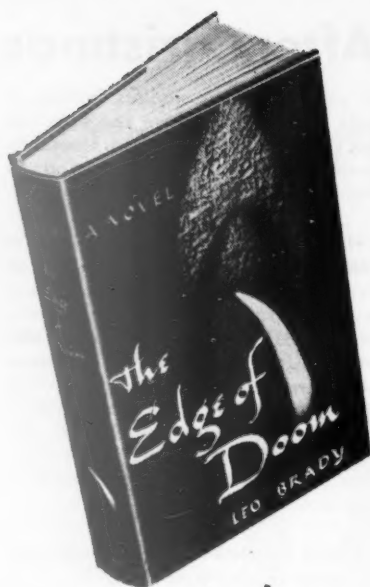
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**MIND THE BABY!** by Mary Perkins. Father Kennedy said that this was not only for mothers but for "anyone who had ever been a baby" . . . high praise! Now Dorothy Dix (yes, the Dorothy Dix) says that it is a book that should be kept on the bookshelf next to the Bible. So there.

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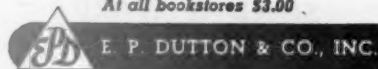
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

# THE Edge OF Doom

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FORTUNATA CALIRI.

## THE COMMONWEAL READER

Edited by Edward S. Skillin.

310 pages.

Harper & Brothers.

\$3.50

This anthology, edited by Edward S. Skillin, was published to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the *Commonweal* magazine. Selecting the best of writing over this long span, the editor parades an impressive list of authors. Under the section devoted to "Actualities," appear the writings of Thomas Merton, Franz Werfel, Michael Williams, and others. The second heading, entitled "Perspectives," includes selections from Jacques Maritain, Georges Bernanos, Nicholas Berdyaev, John A. Ryan, and R. H. Reinhold. The stories appear under the names of Dorothy Day, Jesse Stuart, J. F. Powers, and other modern short story writers. The poetry section includes Jessica Powers, W. H. Auden, and the Pulitzer prize winner, Robert Lowell.

Strictly speaking, the contributions of these well-known writers, though they reflect the good taste of the *Commonweal* editors, have no particular *Commonweal* slant. The selections can be judged on the merits of the authors alone. It seems to this reviewer that there should have been a section devoted to important editorials written during this history-crammed quarter of a century. Though they may have been dated to some extent, still they would have reflected accurately the policy of this militant weekly magazine.

This anthology, with its list of prominent writers, does credit to the *Commonweal*, and the editors are to be commended for publishing it in book form. We hope that these writings will "fall on new ground for a wider sowing."

JOSEPH PRICE.

## MOTHER SETON, MOTHER OF MANY DAUGHTERS

By Rev. Charles I. White. 300 pages. Doubleday & Co.

\$2.50

The "Road to Damascus" has been heavily traveled since the foundation of the Church, and this work abundantly embellishes the chronicles of those who have struggled along that road that leads to the Eternal City. First, this

book presents us with a literary mirror which accurately reflects the spiritual pilgrimage of Elizabeth Bayley Seton before she succumbed to "The Hound of Heaven." Secondly, it is an intimately written biography, completely revised and edited by the Sisters of Mount St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, giving the thoughtful reader a thrilling spectacle—a life lived in the aura of sanctity.

"Mother of Many Daughters" is certainly an accurate subtitle. Mother Seton, initiating a small school for girls in Baltimore, never dreamed, perhaps, that in 1949 that small beginning should have blossomed into more than nine hundred schools, orphanages, hospitals, homes, and other institutions as well as numbering about nine thousand Sisters who would be carrying on her work for God.

Mother Seton has other qualities which make it eminently readable. Her life is integrally entwined with the history of America and the Church. Her "daughters" are in the forefront of the action in the fields of education and social assistance.

One of the highlights of the work is the sweet sense of fortitude which pervaded Mother Seton on her journey in this vale of tears. Her letters, abundantly quoted, are replete with heroism, vivid with dramatic power, and warm with inspiration. Truly, the life of Mother Seton contains a great deal of sacrifice, love, and greatness. It is a life which has many lessons for our day.

THOMAS FRANCIS RITT.

## OUR SOVEREIGN STATE

Edited by Col. Robert S. Allen.

413 pages.

\$5.00

Vanguard Press.

Robert S. Allen, co-author of *Washington Merry-Go-Round* and editor of *Our Fair City*, an exposé of municipal misrule and corruption, turns the spotlight on state government in his latest book. He comes up with a startling, even frightening, picture of incompetence, mediocrity, corruption, and tawdriness permeating the whole structure of state politics in America today.



Col. Allen

Twelve states are selected for analysis, including Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The articles are mainly the work of journalists intimately familiar with their respective state governments. In each case, with variations of degree, the inadequacies and imbecilities are sharply revealed; archaic constitutions, inequitable state-local relationships,



low-grade and corrupt Legislatures tell the sordid tale. The state governments emerge as instruments of oppression, controlled by reactionary minorities or vested interests. The prime influence of powerful and wealthy lobbies in the various state capitols will astound even the student of political science.

The tragedy of it all is the general silence about the problem of state government in America today, due, undoubtedly, to the greater interest in municipal and national affairs. What Lord Bryce wrote more than fifty years ago still holds true: "This is the part of the American political system which has received the least attention both from foreign and from native writers."

It is to be expected that more books of this type will contribute greatly to the enlightenment of the public from which some day, perhaps, corrective action will come. It is impossible to put this book down without wanting to start reforming right now.

C. P. BRUDERLE.

## I HEAR YOU CALLING ME

By Lily McCormack. 201 pages.  
Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

Drawing partially from her own memories, from letters, and from his published *Memoirs*, the wife of John McCormack relates the story of his life from their early meeting in 1903 until his death in 1945. This is



L. McCormack

a loving but disappointingly superficial and subjective biography, from which John McCormack emerges essentially as an almost flawless tenor, husband, and father.

The reviewer does not mean to imply that he was not a magnificent and universally loved singer and a grand "family" man, but to indicate that readers will not find here any sort of profound or objective analysis of the spiritual and professional principles, ideals, and philosophy that activated this world-renowned personality, of whom it was said that his universe consisted entirely of his religious faith, professional work, and family. Instead, there is a chronological cataloguing of engagements and appearances, an immense listing of the names of royalty, nobility, the hierarchy, the great and the near-great, and endless references to clothes and parties.

But Hollywood, with its consistent proclivity for and satisfaction with veneer, should snap up this story as it is told here, since it contains the ingredients for a dazzling and tender musical extravaganza. Serious students of music and many genuine admirers of the superb Irish tenor will discover



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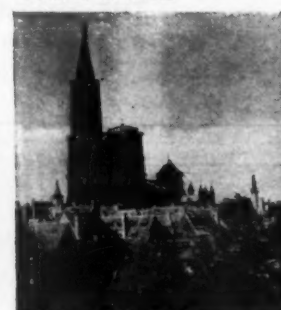
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The volume opens with a series of spirited and sympathetic impressions of the Russian people. The rest of the lyrics take their inspiration from the altitude of her native Colorado. In both cases, the effect is unforgettable.—Gustav Davidson.

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nothing of value not known before except "a McCormack discography," at the end of the book, that lists his disc and cylinder recordings, starting with those made in 1904, a number of them being, of course, collectors' items.

ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER.

## THE STORY OF THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS

By Maria Augusta Trapp. 309 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50



M. A. Trapp

The past few publishing seasons have been marked by a rash of family histories and memoirs, ranging from the sentimental to the irreverent and even ribald. Maria Trapp has declined the tongue-in-cheek approach for one of sincerity and simplicity. Music lovers know the Trapp family as a unique ensemble of voices and instruments. As artists, their reputation is well-founded and secure. As a family, they are perhaps not so well appreciated, a condition which should be easily remedied by the Baroness' family chronicle.

From a Salzburg convent where she had hoped to enter the novitiate, the young Maria went to the Villa Trapp as governess to the seven motherless children of Georg von Trapp, a retired U-Boat captain. Eventually she became his wife and mother of three more children, bringing to a well-disciplined household the religious fervor and vitality of spirit, the music and folkways of her own mountain people.

Poverty, due to bank failures in pre-Hitler Austria, plus the presence of Father Wassner as chaplain and musical director, led the Trapps to transfer their family choir to the concert stage, where they delighted audiences in Europe and America. Later, as refugees from Nazism, they arrived at their permanent home in Stowe, Vermont; this after what is commonly known as "a series of adventures," but which they prefer to designate as "the Will of God." This is essentially an expression of their approach to life and its complexities. Now, as American citizens, in a setting not unlike the Tyrol, they have continued a rich Catholic tradition with the more mechanized life of their adopted country.

There is a great deal of humor in the tale of their unusual style of living; sadness, too, in the death of a beloved father and in family illnesses and discouragements. But the dominant note is one of joy and thanksgiving. All things considered, the story of the Trapp Family can be recommended for very pleasant reading.

GENEVIEVE W. STEIGER.

## HANDBOOKS For Special Interests

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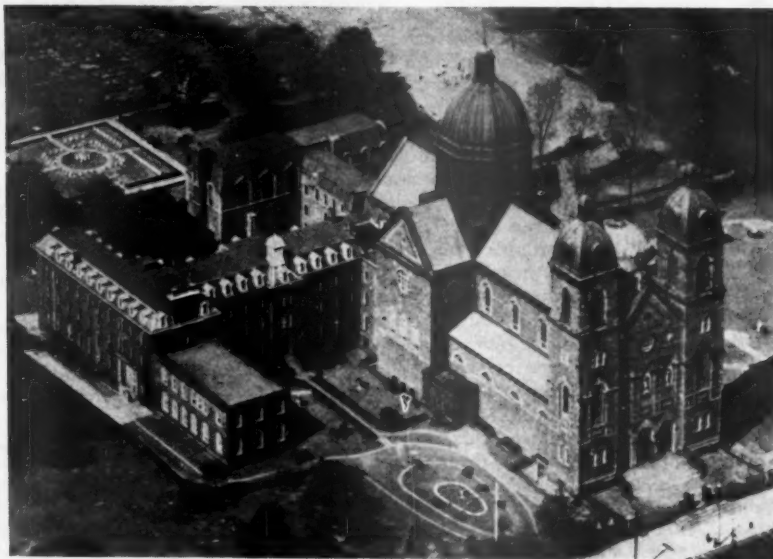
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## OPERATION SURVIVAL

By William H. Hessler. 282 pages.  
Prentice-Hall. \$3.00

As topical books go, this one is important. It delineates the geopolitical predicament of the United States in world affairs. Those who are smug about American military and economic strength will be shocked. But they ought to be! One does not need clairvoyance or even acumen to realize that the present "cold war" could by design or accident easily flame forth in open war. There is no question about the enemy. Soviet Russia has the potential and (given the right juncture of circumstances) the will to attempt world conquest in the name of Pan-Communism. How do we confront this threat?



W. Hessler

Competently and calmly, the author appraises the problems which develop out of Russia's ambitions for international socialism. Today Soviet Russia potentially holds the whip over some six hundred million people. Apparently it has the atom bomb. In every country of the world it has a fifth column working with frenetic zeal.

In two main respects, Catholics will find fault with this book.

In the first place, it seems to be written on the assumption that morality has no place in international relations. War is simply an instrument of national policy, as Clausewitz said it was.

The other line of argument which Christians must deprecate is Hessler's definite trend toward Malthusian pessimism. The author is terribly con-

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*Global Mission* is made rather confusing by poor organization of material. Its personal opinions are unsupported by any outside references. Its author reveals little knowledge of broad, general problems beyond the military field. Yet, with these reservations, General Arnold's story is indispensable to anyone interested in the story of American air might.

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which pervades education, science, the liberal arts, indeed, the totality of life. The Soviet Union is busy concocting its own special mythology, and that is what this book is about. Its value lies in documentation of the precise method whereby the all-powerful Central Committee of the Communist Party decrees black is white and vice versa, and the hapless millions bow down and chant black is white and vice versa.

Valuable as is the compilation and commentary of Soviet mind control, the value is vitiated by two defects. One is in the recommendations offered to counteract Communist tyranny, and this is a defect of omission. The most fundamental antidote is in the return to spiritual values upon which man's freedom ultimately rests, and this antidote is ignored. The other defect lies in lack of precise historical scholarship. No stronger parallel for the Soviet system of thought control exists in the minds of the authors than that of the Inquisition. Indeed, they inform the reader that before they decided on the present title, *The Return of the Inquisition* seemed a natural one for this account of the charges of heresy and the endless recantations and confessions of error or guilt by leading Soviet writers, artists, and scientists. It is unfortunate such bad church history should mar this appraisal of a contemporary evil threatening the world.

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The author of this book is anti-Socialist, anti-Communist, anti-Fascist, which is as it should be. No informed Catholic is in favor of any system, however labeled, which overemphasizes the state's authority, or takes away rights without regard to justice. Flynn is also against both the New and the Fair Deal, and against the British Labor Party's program. There is nothing against this stand, for many Catholics are with him on practical grounds, just as many Catholics may be found to uphold the other side. He is against Roosevelt and Truman, and here Catholics have to be careful, for they may be against a man's plans and deeds, but they must love the man himself as themselves, or they are not Christians. He is against any public welfare activities for the poor or the near-poor, and those who live in overcrowded housing conditions because of lack of low-priced housing; he is against all types of planning



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other than that done privately by individuals or capitalistic organizations. Here Catholics must be very careful indeed.

Flynn's major thesis is that the United States is speeding along the same road as Britain, to a socialistic planned economy. He wishes to stop this by a return to laissez-faire capitalism. If the reader is already informed on the content of the Church social teaching, he knows what the Popes and Bishops have had to say about housing provision, social security, the profit system, the evils of laissez-faire capitalism, and the need of some social planning for the common good where individuals either cannot or will not provide what must be done. Armed with this knowledge, the reader will take the facts, as well as the fancies, Flynn provides, and draw his own conclusions in the light of Christian ideals.

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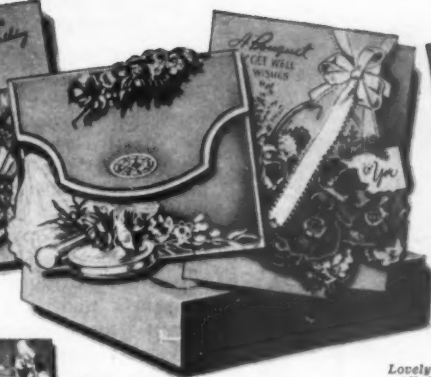


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## BLACK SOVIET (Continued from Page 19)

for the majority of South Africans. At the last elections they polled fewer votes than the United Party, but, because they gained heavily in the rural constituencies, they found themselves in power with a small majority of seats. Now they are in a hurry to take fullest advantage of an opportunity that even they did not expect. The English-speaking South Africans and the liberal Afrikaners, under the political leadership of General Smuts, are fighting the Nationalists fiercely in the House of Assembly and out of it. Feeling is tense, and lately political meetings have been broken up by hooliganism and bloodletting.

The South African who speaks English is not English. He is self-consciously South African. Postwar British immigration, sponsored by his own political party, proved to him—if proof was needed—that he was as South African as the most rabid Nationalist. There were regrettable incidents in the larger cities when British presumption of superiority clashed with South African pride and self-consciousness. The South African was articulate in repudiating the charge that he did not know how to manage his own country. Yet, for all that, the South African wants to remain within the Commonwealth. It is not an excessive love of England that prompts this. He knows that such an arrangement suits him economically. It also provides him with a sort of moral protection against the narrow nationalism of the Afrikaner—for the Afrikaner will not recognize as true South Africans those who will not embrace Afrikaans culture and journey out into a wilderness in which only Afrikaans is spoken.

The United Party is more liberal than the Nationalist in its native policy—at least on paper. The cynical African, however, is not convinced of the good faith of the Party, and the Communist is at his shoulder to whisper, "Insincerity!" Just how little confidence he has in South African liberalism was shown earlier this year by a gesture which shocked the country profoundly: The Africans of the Cape Province sent a Communist, Sam Kahn, to represent them in parliament. Don't run away with the strange idea that the African has the franchise. He has not. But he is allowed to send three white representatives of his people to parliament. How long he will enjoy that little measure of representation is uncertain.

Racial problems in South Africa are further complicated by the existence of two other nonwhite groups—the Indians and the Cape Coloureds. These are minority groups, but they are articulate

and not as helpless intellectually nor as crushed spiritually as the Africans.

The Indians are chiefly Natal's problem. (Natal is one of the four Provinces of the Union). They came to South Africa originally to work the sugar plantations of Natal. They are now strongly entrenched there financially and numerically. The Africans dislike them and envy them because of their wealth, and because that wealth has been at their expense. The whites dislike them because they overrun Durban and because they own much valuable property. In the recent race riots in Durban and Pietermaritzburg, the Zulus (one of the African tribes) had the active sympathy of many of the whites.

The Cape Coloureds are concentrated chiefly in the Western Cape. They are the descendants of the early licit and illicit unions between the first white settlers and the Hottentots (aboriginals of the Cape). Their temper just now is very ugly; and their anger is righteous. The Nationalist government has gone into action against them, enforcing segregation laws that are causing bitter feelings. Dr. Malan has threatened to disenfranchise them. The Coloureds have shown that they have spirit enough to fight the government, and they have solidly behind them all that is best in South African liberalism.

Perhaps in considering all these social evils both worry and alarm are unbalanced. Perhaps South Africa will be able to enforce its policy of rigid segregation of white and nonwhite without throwing the whole of Africa into revolt. Perhaps the South African politicians are wiser than those who criticize them, more cunning than the Communists who are working against them. Perhaps the African is too insignificant a creature to lose sleep over.

Yet, reasonably or unreasonably, I worry. I think of Ghandi in a South African prison meditating bitterly on the unfairness of white to black, dreaming of an India that would be purged of the white man. Ghandi was not the only Indian who fretted under British rule, but he was the heart of India's will to be free. Perhaps India would still be free had Ghandi not suffered from the clash of black and white in South Africa. Perhaps an African will try to do for Africa what Ghandi did for India. Perhaps with less restraint, with less wisdom. Perhaps he will look to Communism for the one thing he needs to force his claims upon a reluctant white world—the power to organize. And, if the African does, under the direction of the Kremlin, shake off his indolence and emerge as a resourceful revolutionary, the whole of Africa will run with blood—and that blood will dry before the civilized world can stir a hand to stop the massacre.

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## LETTERS

[Continued from page 4]

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A few weeks later I visited him again, but this time he was out of bed and could move from one room to another. He asked me to stay for breakfast and talked things over once more. He said that were it not for the convincing articles in *THE SIGN* he would probably by then, having lost all hope, be under the pine trees. Now he is out of the hospital and has returned to his work.

REV. LEWIS DARINANIN, O.P.  
Sliema, Malta

## The Sign and India

EDITORS OF *THE SIGN*:

The propaganda that Moscow pours out on India is torrential. When I asked an official of India's detective department how the Communists here were financed, he replied: "Through the Red literature they send into this country free or at a very low price." Peoples' Book Shops are the busiest in our university towns; and other shops and book stalls give a good bit of space to Red propaganda. And what is being done to counter this? Next to nothing.

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Tried All Kinds of Diets and Pills

"Tried all kinds of diets and pills. Nothing helped me like your wonderful book. Lost 70 pounds. Feel better than I have in years."—Mrs. F. B., Sell City, Ind.

Thrilled Her Husband

"Sent for book without my husband's knowledge. He began to notice I was losing weight. So I let him in on the secret. Was he thrilled!"—Mrs. E. J., Taff, Cal.

Lost 23 Pounds

"I weighed 192 pounds. Now weigh 169."—Mrs. M. D. B., Jacksonville, Fla.

Over 300,000 People Have Bought This Book



**5-DAY FREE EXAMINATION COUPON**

**WILFRED FUNK, Inc.**

Dept. R-931, 227 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send me—in a plain wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION. If I keep the book I will send you \$2.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

Name.....

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City.....

Zone No. .... State .....

☐ Check here if enclosing \$2 WITH this coupon and WE will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.  
(Canadian Orders: Send 25c extra for carrying charges. Only U. S. currency accepted).

**B**ELIEVE it or not the woman in the picture above is REDUCING! This may surprise people who still have the idea that you can't lose weight unless you go on a diet that would not satisfy a bird.

This woman is simply following the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to reduce. Soon her bulges will smooth out and disappear as if by magic. She will enjoy the admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. And this slenderizing miracle can be accomplished for the overweight quickly and safely—whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And best of all—

**WITHOUT** denying yourself 3 delicious sustaining meals every day, including a tasty breakfast.

**WITHOUT** the drudgery of exercise! (You can be as lazy as you please.)

**WITHOUT** drugs, pills, or compounds! (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

**WITHOUT** steam baths or massages! (So often they don't work—and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? By simply knowing certain up-to-date scientific facts about food-selection!

**It's Simple—Once You Know This Fact!**

Some foods are high in fat calories. Others are high in energy-calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body burns LESS ENERGY and stores MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind you burn MORE ENERGY and store LESS FAT.

This simple scientific fact explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails . . . and why "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his book) produces such amazing results.

**How Much Do You WANT to Lose?**

Since no two persons are exactly alike, it is

LOST 35 POUNDS IN 41 DAYS!



Mrs. J. E., West Virginia

impossible to predict the exact number of pounds you will lose on the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET" given in this book. But the average overweight person may expect to lose 5 pounds in 10 days—and some may lose as much as 10 pounds in 10 days—even though the diet provides as much daily bulk as the average American diet!

Then the book gives you a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you reach alluring slenderness, you can stay there. You don't have to stick to each day's menu either. Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead. These diets give you a slimmer figure, and also (for scientific reasons) greater health and beauty!

**More Than 300,000 People Chose This EASY Way to Reduce**

Is it any wonder that 300,000 people the country over have bought a copy of this wonder-working book? And that so many have written about exciting results it has accomplished? (Just a few of these letters are shown on this page. And every letter is genuine—available in our files for inspection.)

**Examine It 5 Days FREE**

No money need be sent now. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper) will be sent with the understanding that you keep it for five days, without cost or obligation.

Leading medical authorities have approved this book. We believe that your doctor will, too. Show it to him. Unless you are convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce, return it without obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only \$2.00 plus few cents postage. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. **WILFRED FUNK, INC.,** Dept. R-931, 227 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

LOST 45 POUNDS IN 3 MONTHS!



Mrs. S. C., Montana

LOST 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS!



Wife of Mrs. D. J. O., Wisconsin

**"Weighed 196—Now I Wear a Size 12 Dress"**

**SOUTH BEND, INDIANA—**From this city comes a report from a 36-year-old housewife who weighed 196 pounds; yet, within less than 4 months, she became so slim that her own brother failed to recognize her! Here is how she herself describes it:

"I weighed 196 pounds," she says, "and you can imagine what a sight I was. Friends were always telling me I'd be foolish to even attempt to lose weight."

"But I decided to give it a try. And oh, what wonderful results after only three and a half months. I now weigh 119 pounds and wear a size 12 dress. And what wonderful compliments I get on my looks and figure!"

"You Look Like a Million Bucks." He Said "My brother came home from overseas, and was walking right behind me. 'Hubba, hubba! Who is she?' he exclaimed. Well, when I turned around I wish you could have seen the look of surprise. 'Sis! Gosh, gosh, is it really you? You look like a million bucks!' He just couldn't get over how much like a school-girl I looked."

"Oh, I could go on and on. The nicest thing of all is that my husband fell in love with me all over again. He's so proud he is always taking me places so he can show me off to his friends."

From Mrs. M. C., South Bend, Indiana (The above letter referring to the diet given in this book is—like all other reports reprinted in this page—in our files, available for inspection.)



